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Original Poetry.

THE PAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

The past! the past! how it fadeth away,
Like the rosy-twined wreath of yesterday
With the gloss and the beauty it wore when 'twas new,
Thou faded and gone is its loveliest hue
Ye flowers—ye flowers that wither so fast—
What tell tale visions ye bring of the past.

The lonely sad sound of the whip-poor-will's notes—
The heav'n painted clouds as on either they float—
Too soon as she softens her beam from on high—
The stars as they shine in their own native sky—
Ye beauties—ye luxuries—a gloom do ye cast,
Each tell tale visions ye bring of the past.

EDGEWORTH SEMINARY.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Fair, lovely Edgeworth! that in days of old,
Was celebrated widely through the land,
For scholarship, and learning, here once more,
I stand with heart-felt gratitude, and pride,
Upon thy flow'ry sward, and foliag'd hills,†
Deep in the woods, and hallowed to the spell,
Which inspiration here thrills through my soul!
And lofty too, the thoughts, these silent haunts
Attune in recollection—as though taught
By some kind, wand'ring spirit of the past,
In melting accents, which the bosom feels,
And which the heart with fervor comprehends
All those hast suffered in the wondrous change
What years have done, and what of old transpired!
Oh! as I tread these silent, time-worn halls,
Where once the laugh of innocence prevailed,
And murm'ring voices chimed with busy feet,
In all the playful pranks of school-child joy,
I feel upon my lonely spirit fall
The moving mystic breath of sympathy:
Which as a tendril clings to fancy's folds,
And fills the breast with words unspeakable!
Emotions wild from hidden sources spring,
Bounding in concord as they flash and die,
With all the myriad phantoms which the past,
In its dread imageries brings;
And feelings deep and lasting madly leap
From their confining prison-walls, anew,
With bursting strains to join the revelry!
Such the commotion, solitude alone,
When woven with associations dear,
And fill'd with scenes that fade, but ne'er decay,
Can kindle in the bosom of mankind!

Where are they now? Go ask the trembling breeze,
And pensiveness it their fate can tell!
No, they have gone—in vain I look and long
For tidings of that youthful, blooming group,
Whose smiling faces, neat, and fairy-forms,
Dark raven ringlets, light, and nut-brown curls,
Large lustrous eyes, and eyes of melting blue,
We are once the glory and the boasted pride
Of lovely Edgeworth in her prosperous years!
They've gone!—but will have left behind the wrens,
Amid whose rich voluptuousness they've dwelt,
It is enough this once they graced thy halls,
Wearing a wreath immortal 'round thy name
For even in their absence, Edgeworth, now,
With tenfold lustre beams on gliding time!

But turn we from thy portals, and behold
The lovely landscape basking in the view!
There slowly rolls through lawn-bound winding curves,
The blue majestic river, onward still,
Along the hazy shores, and tow'ring hills,
The sun'rising cottages, whose snow-white walls
Peep out beneath the varied forest boughs,
Upon the shores, the cliffs, and hill-tops high—
What rural grandeur this!—how beautiful!
Hard by, almost beneath thy hoary eaves,
Decked in the garb of green, luxuriant grass,
Spreads out the lonely Indian battle-ground,
Where fatal carnage shook her gory head;
And in his pride the headstrong Braddock fell—
Bold conquest's victim, but the child of fame!
There too our own—the world's—loved Washington,
With manly courage, and undaunted brow,
The first fair laurels of his glory won;
And in the splendor of his bright career!

Ah! all is silent now—the happy years,
Of fondest joy, with all their pleasing hopes,
As dreams of youth, have vanished, and are gone!—
Would that they might return to us again!

* A number of years ago it was a flourishing female Institution, but it is now occupied as a private dwelling house. It is situated on the north bank of the Monongahela River, ten miles east of the City of Pittsburg.

† These lines were written, impromptu, on the spot, during a recent visit.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;
Or, Inglesborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

The morning meal was ended; the sun was already high in the clear heavens, and the thin mist wreaths were dispersing from the broad valley, and the bright river; and now a merry cavalcade swept round the lawn from the stables, a dozen foresters and grooms, all mounted, with led horses, two of the latter decked with velvet side-saddles, which were then used by ladies, and seven or eight serving men, on foot, with hounds and spaniels in their leashes, and among them, conspicuous above the rest, the falconer, with his attendants, one bearing a large frame whereon were cast—such was the technical jargon used in the mystery of trainers—eight or ten long-winged falcons, goshawks, and jerfalcons, and peregrines, with all their gay paraphernalia of hoods, and bells, and jesses.

A little while afterward the fair girls came out, Annabel new attired like her sister in the velvet riding robe, and the slashed, graceful hat, and were assisted to their saddles by the young lover. Then he, too, bounded to his noble charger's back, and the others of the company in their turn mounted, and the whole party rode off, merrily, to the green meadows by the fair river's side.

Away! away! the spaniels are uncoupled, and questing far and wide among the long green flags, and water briony, and mallows, that fringe the banks of many a creek and inlet of the river—over the russet stubble—up the thick alder coppices, that fringe the steep ravines.

Away! away! the smooth soft turf, the slight and brushy hedges, invite the free and easy gallop, invite the fearless leap! Away! with hawk unhooded on the wrist and ready—with graceful seat, light hand, and bounding heart! See how the busy spaniels snuff the hot scent, and ply their feathery tails among the dry fern on the bank of that old of Gallic grape sparingly tasted though it was, lend something of unnatural power! bark to the silvery tones of that sweet ringing laugh—and now how deep a blush mantles her brow, her neck, her bosom, when in receiving her glaze from the hand of Ernest, their fingers mingled for a moment.

But Ernest is unmoved, and calm, and seemingly unconscious—and Annabel, fond Annabel, rejoices to mark her sister's spirits so happily, so fully, as it seems, recovered from that overmastering sorrow. She saw not the hot blush, she noted not its cause—and yet, can it be—can it be that casual pressure was the cause!—the low fence, skim the green meadow, dash at the rapid brook—ladies and cavaliers pell-mell—all riding for themselves and careless of the rest, forgetful of all fear, all thought, in the fierce, fast career, as with eyes all turned heavenward to mark the soaring contest of the birds, trusting their good steeds only, to bear them swift and safely, they drive in giddy routes down the broad valley.

And now the flight is over—each gallant hawk has struck his cowering quarry—the lures are shaken in the air, the falconer's whoop and whistle recalls the hovering falcon, and on they go at slower pace to beat for fresh game—and lo! flip-flap, there rises the first woodcock of the season.

"Ho! mark him—mark him down, good forester—we must not miss that fellow—the very prince of game—the king he would be, save that gray heronshaw of right has old claim to the throne of falconrie!"

"Lo! there, my masters, he is down—down in that gulley's bank, where the broom and the branchetta feather the sunny slope, and the small streamlet hardly murmurs among the long, rank grasses, that soon almost to choke its meany runnel."

"Quick! quick! unhood the lanner—the young and speckled-breasted lanner!—cast off the old gray headed jerfalcon—soh, Diamond, my brave bird! mark his quick, glancing eye, and his proud crest, soh! cast him off, and he will wheel around our heads, nor leave us till we flush the woodcock. No! no! hold the young lanner hard, let him not fly, he is too mettlesome and proud of wing to trust to—and couple all the dogs up, except the staunch red setter."

"Now we will steal on him, up wind, and give him every chance."

"Best cross the gully here, fair dames, for it is something deep and boggy, and if ye were to brave it, in the fury of the gallop, you might be mired for your pains."

"That bird will show you sport, be sure of it, for lo! the field beyond is thickly set with stunted thorns, and tufts of alder bushes; if your hawks be not keen of sight, and quick of wing, too, be sure that he will dodge them; and if he reach you hill-side only, all covered as it is with evergreens, dense holly-brakes, and thick oak saplings, he is as safe there in that covert, as though he were a thousand leagues away in some deep glen of the wild Atha Mountains."

"Lo! there he goes, the gray hawk after him—by heaven! in fair speed he outstrips the jerfalcon, he does not condescend to dodge, or double, but flies wild and high toward the purple mainland, and there we cannot follow him."

"Ride, De Vaux, gallop for your life—cut in, cut in between the bird and the near ridge—soh! bravely done black charger—now cast the lanner loose! so! that will turn him."

"See! he has turned; and now he must work for it—the angle he has made has brought old Diamond up against his weather wing—now! he will strike—now! now!"

But lo! the wary bird has dodged, and the hawk who had soared, and was in the act of pouncing, checked his fleet pinion and turned after him—how swift he flies dead in the wind's eye—and the wind is rising; he cannot face it now—tack and tack, how he twists—how cleverly he beats to windward; but now the odds are terribly against him, the cunning falcons have divided, and are now flying sharply to cut him off, one at each termination of his tacks—the lanner has outstripped him.

"Whoop! Robin, whoop!—soh! call him up to the wind—up to the wind, falconer, or he will miss his stroke. There! there he towers—up! up! in airy circles—he poises his broad wing—he swoops—slack, poor woodcock! but no! he has—by Pan the god of hunters!—he has missed his cast—no swallow ever winged it swifter than the wild bird of passage—not now does he fly high among the clouds, but skims the very surface of the lawn, twisting round every tree and baffling the keen falcons."

Now he is scarce ten paces from his covert, the old bird, Diamond, flying like lightning, struggles in vain to weather him—in vain—the game dashes behind the boll of a tall upright oak, darts down among the hollies and is lost—well flown brave quarry—well flown noble—ha! the hawk—the brave old hawk, bent only on retrieving his lost flight, his eye set too steadily on the bird which he so fiercely struggled to outfly, has dashed with the full impetus of his arrowy flight against the gnarled stem of the oak; he rebounds from it, like a ball from the iron target—never so much as once flaps his fleet pinions; tears not the ground with beak or single. Diamond, brave Diamond is dead—and pitying eyes look down on him; and gentle tears are shed; and the soft hands, that were wont to fondle his high crest, and smooth his ruffled wings, compose his shattered pinions, and sleek his blood-stained plumage—alas, brave Diamond!—but fate—it is the fate of war!

Another flight—another glowing gallop, to make the blood dance blythely in our veins—to drive dull care from our hearts!

But no, the sylvan meal is spread—down by that leafy nook, under the still green canopy of that gigantic oak, where the pure spring wells out so clear and limpid, from the bright yellow gravel under its gnarled and tortuous roots—there is the snow-white linen spread on the mossy green sward; there the cold pastry and the larded capon tempt the keen appetite of the jolly sportsman; there, plunged in the glassy waters, the tall flasks of champagne are cooling! Who knows not the delicious zest with which we banquet on the green sward; the merry joyous ease which, all restraint and ceremonial banished, renders the sylvan meal, in the cool shadow by the rippling brook, so indescribably delightful! And all who were collected there were for the moment happy!—and many, in sad after days, remembered that gay feast, and dwelt upon the young hopes, which were so flattering then, hopes which so soon decayed—and lingered on the contemplation of that soon perished bliss, as if the great Italian had erred, when he declared so wisely that to the sons of man

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

The bright wine sparkled in the goblet, but brighter flashed the azure eyes of Marian, for her whole face was radiant with wild starry beauty. Was it the thrilling rapture of the gallop, that sent her blood boiling with stranger excitement "through every petty artery of her body—" was it the spirit stirring chase alone, or did the rich blood of the Gallic grape sparingly tasted though it was, lend something of unnatural power? bark to the silvery tones of that sweet ringing laugh—and now how deep a blush mantles her brow, her neck, her bosom, when in receiving her glaze from the hand of Ernest, their fingers mingled for a moment.

But Ernest is unmoved, and calm, and seemingly unconscious—and Annabel, fond Annabel, rejoices to mark her sister's spirits so happily, so fully, as it seems, recovered from that overmastering sorrow. She saw not the hot blush, she noted not its cause—and yet, can it be—can it be that casual pressure was the cause!—after the state of her bodily and mental sensations, which were poured out from the lips of her assiduous watchers—"Oh! I feel quite well, I do assure you—I was not hurt at all—not in the least—only I was so foolish as to faint from terror. But Marian, how is Marian?"

"Not injured in the least—but very anxious about you, sweet Annabel," replied good mistress Summers—"so much so, that I was obliged to force her from the chamber, so terrible was her grief—so violent her terror and excitement. Lord De Vaux snatched her from her horse, and saved her before he even saw your danger; he, too, is in a fearful state of mind; he has been at the door twenty times, I believe, within the hour; hark, that is his foot now—will you see him, dearest?"

A quick and chilly shudder ran through the whole frame of the lovely girl, and a faint hue glowed once again in her pale cheek; but mastering her feelings, she made answer in her own notes of sweet concord music.

"Not yet, dear mistress Summers—not yet; but tell him, I beseech you, that I am better—well, indeed! and will receive his visit by and by; and in the mean time, my good friend, I must see Marian—must see her directly, and alone. No! no! you must not hinder me of my desire, you know!"—she went on with a faint, very melancholy smile—"you know, of old, I am a willful stubborn girl when I have up my mind—and it is quite made up now—my good friend! so, I pray you let me see her—I am quite strong enough, I do assure you—so do, I beseech you, go and console my Lord de Vaux, and let nurse bring me Marian hither."

So firmly did she speak, and so resolved was the expression of her soft gentle features, that they no longer hesitated to comply with her request; and both retired with soft steps from the chamber.

Then Annabel half uprose from the pillows, which had propped her, and clasped her hands in attitude of prayer, and turned her beautiful eyes upward—her lips moved visibly, not in irregular impulsive starts, but with a smooth and ordered motion, as she prayed fervently, indeed, but tranquilly, for strength to do, and to patience to endure—and grace to do, and to endure, alike with Christian love and Christian fortitude.

While she was thus engaged, a quick uncertain footstep, now light and almost tripping, now heavy and half-faltering, approached the threshold—a gentle hand raised the latch at once, and again fell, and in the corner was fluctuating between the wish to enter, and some vague apprehension which for the moment conquered the desire.

"Is it you, Marian?" asked the lovely sufferer—"oh! come in, come in, sister!" and she did come in—that bright lovely creature, her naturally high complexion almost unnaturally brilliant now, from the intensity of her hot blushes—her eyes were downcast, and she could not so much as look up into the sad sweet face of Annabel. Her whole frame trembled visibly, as she approached the bed; and her foot faltered very much, yet she drew near, and sitting down beside the pillow, took Annabel's hand tenderly between her own, and raised it to her warm lips, and kissed it eagerly and often.

Never, for a moment's space, did the eyes of Annabel swerve from her sister's features, from the moment she entered the door until she sat down by her side; but rested on them as if through them they would peruse the secret soul with a soft gentle scrutiny, that savored not at all of sternness or reproach. At last, as if she was fully satisfied, she dropped her eyelids, and for a little space, kept them close shut; while again her lips moved silently—and then pressing her sister's hand fondly, she said with a quiet soothing voice, as she were alluding an admitted fact rather than asking a question.

"So you have met him before Marian?"

A violent convulsion shook every limb of her whom she addressed, and the blood rushed in torrents to her brow—she bowed her head upon her sister's hand, and burst into a paroxysm of hysterical tears and sobbing, but answered not a word.

"Nay! nay! dear sister," exclaimed Annabel, bending down over her, and kissing her neck, which, like her brow and cheeks, was absolutely crimson—"Nay! nay! sweet Marian, weep not thus. I beseech you, there is no wrong done—none at all—there was no wrong in your seeing him, when you did so—it was all Lord de Vaux, I must believe—nor in your having him either, when you did so—for I had not then seen him, and of course could not love him. But it was not right, sweetest Marian, to let me be in ignorance of all this—only think, dearest, only think what would have been my agony, when I had come to know, after I was a wife, that in myself becoming happy I had brought misery on my second *self*, my own sweet sister!—nay!—do not answer me yet, Marian; for I can understand it all—almost all, that is—and I quite appreciate your motives—I am sure that you did not know that *he loved you*—for he does love you Marian!—but fancied that he loved me only, and so resolved to control yourself, and crush down your young affections, and sacrifice yourself for me—thank God! oh! thank God, that your strength was not equal to the task—for had it been so, we had been wretched—oh! most wretched. But you must tell me all about it; for there is much I cannot comprehend—when did you see him first, and where?—why did he never so much as hint to me, that he had known you?—why, when I wrote you word that he was here, and, afterward, that I liked—loved—was about to marry him—why did you never write back that you knew him?—and why, above all, when you came and found him here—here in your mother's house—why did you meet him as a stranger? I know it will be painful to you, dear one; but you must bear the pain; for it is necessary now, that there shall be no more mistakes. Be sure of one thing, dearest Marian, that I will never wed him—oh! not for worlds!—I could not sleep one night!—not one hour, in the thought that my bliss was your bane—but if he love you, as he ought, and as you love him, sister, for I can read your soul, he shall be yours at once; and I shall be more happy so—more happy ten-fold, than in pillowing my head upon a heart which beats for another—but he must explain all this—for I much fear me, he has dealt very basely by us both—I fear me much, he is a bold, base man."

"No! no!" cried Marian, eagerly raising her clear eyes to her sister's, full of ingenuous truth and zealous fire. "No! no! he is all good, and true and noble!—it is I, only, who have for once, been false, and wicked—not altogether wicked, Annabel—perhaps more foolish than to blame—at least in my intentions—but you *shall* hear all—you *shall* hear all, Annabel, and then judge for yourself"—and then, still looking her sister quite steadily and truthfully in the face, she told her how, at a ball in York, she had met the young nobleman, who had seemed pleased with her; had danced with her many times; and visited her, but never once named love, nor led her in the least to fancy he esteemed her, beyond a chance acquaintance—"but I loved him—oh! how I loved him, Annabel—almost from the first time I saw him—and I feared ever—ever and only—that by my bold, frank rashness, he might discover his power, and believe me forward and unmaidenly—weeks passed, and our intimacy ripened, and I became each hour, more fondly, more devotedly, more readily—for it was madness all!—enamored of him.

"He met me, ever an a friend—no more! The time came, when he was to leave York, and as he took leave of me he told me that he had just received despatches from *his* father, directing him to visit *mine*; and I, shocked by the coolness of his parting tone, and seeing, indeed, he had no love for me, scarcely noting what he said, told him not that I had so *father*—but I did tell him that I had one sweet sister, and suddenly extorted from him, unawares, a promise that he would never tell you he had known me—my manner, I am sure, was strange, and wild; and I have no doubt that my words were so likewise—for his demeanor altered on the instant—his air, which had been that of quiet friendship, became cool, chilling, and almost disdainful, and within a few minutes he took his leave, and we never met again till yester even.

"You will, I doubt not, ask me wherefore I did all this!—I cannot tell you—I was mad—mad with love, and disappointment. And the very instant he said that he was coming hither, I knew as certainly that he would love you and you him, Annabel, as though it had been palpably revealed to me. I could not write of him to you; I could not, Annabel, and when your letters came, and we learned that he was here, I confessed all this to our aunt; and though she blamed me much, for wild and thoughtless folly, she thought it best to keep the matter secret. This is the whole truth, Annabel—the whole truth! I fancied that the absence—the knowledge that I should see him next—sister's husband—the stern resolve, with which I bound my soul, had made me strong enough to bear his presence—I tried it, and I found myself, how weak—this is all, Annabel; can you forgive me, sister?"

"Sweet, innocent Marian," exclaimed the elder sister through her tears, for she had wept constantly through the whole sad narration—"there is nothing for me to forgive—you have wronged yourself only, my sister! —But yet—but yet!—cannot understand it—as much have seen—as you could fail to see that one, so frank and a man as you are, Marian, was in love with—he must, if not before, have known it certainly, when you extorted from him, as you call it, that strange promise. Besides in loves you—then wherefore, in Marian; he did he woo me—for woo he did, so fervently, and long, before he won me to consent—oh! he is base!—base, base and false, heart, my sister!—answer me nothing dear one! for I will prove him very shortly—send Master hither to array me. I will go down, and talk with him forthwith—if he be honest, Marian, he is yours—and think not that I sacrifice myself, when I say this, for all the love I ever felt for him has vanished utterly away—if he is honest, he is yours—but he not over confident, dear child, for I believe he is not—and if not, why then, sweet Marian, can we not comfort one another, and live together as we used, dear, innocent, united, happy sisters! Do not reply now, Marian—your heart is too full—haste and do as I tell you; before supper time to-night, all shall be ended; whether for good or evil, HE only knows, to whom the secrets of the heart are visible, even as the features of the face. Farewell,—be of good cheer, and yet not over-cheerful!"

CHAPTER IX.

Within an hour after that most momentous conversation, Annabel sat beside the window, in that pleasant summer parlor, looking out on the fair prospect of mead and dale and river, with its back ground of purple mountains—the very window, from which she had first looked upon De Vaux!

Perhaps a secret instinct had taught her to select that spot, now that she was about to renounce him forever—but if it were so, it was one of those indefinable impulsive instincts of which we are unconscious, even while they prompt our actions.

De Vaux was summoned to her presence, and Annabel awaited him—arbiter of her own and her sister's destinies!

"Ernest," she said, as he entered, cutting across his eager and impetuous inquiries, "Ernest De Vaux, I have learned to-day a secret"—she spoke with perfect ease, and without a symptom of irritation, or anxiety, or sorrow, either in her voice or in her manner—nor was she cold, or dignified, or haughty. Her demeanor was not, indeed, that of a fond maid toward her accepted suiter; nor had it the flutter which marks the consciousness of unacknowledged love—a sister's to a dear brother's would have resembled it more nearly than perhaps, anything to which it could be compared, yet was not this altogether similar. He looked up in her face with a smile, and asked at once,

"What secret, dearest Annabel?"

"A secret, Ernest," she replied, "which I cannot but fancy you must have learned *before*, but which you certainly *have* learned, as well as I, to-day. My sister loves you, Ernest."

The young man's face was crimson on the instant; and he would have made some reply, but his voice failed him, and after a moment of confused stuttering, he stood before her in embarrassed silence; but she went on at once, not noticing, apparently, his consternation.

"If you did know this, as I fear must be the case, long, long ago! most basely have you acted, and most cruelly, to both of us—for never! never! even if it had been a rash, unsought, and unjustifiable passion on her part, would I have wedded, knowingly, the man who held my sister's heart-strings!"

"It was," he answered, instantly, "it was a rash, unsought and unjustifiable passion on her part—believe me—oh! believe me, Annabel! that is—that is," he continued, reddening again, at feeling himself self-convicted, "that is, if she felt any passion."

"Then you *did* know it—then you *did* know it," she interrupted him, without paying any regard to his attempt at self-correction, "then you did know it from the very first—oh! man, man! oh! false heart of man—oh! falser tongue that can speak thus of the woman whom he *loves*! yes, loves!" she added, in a clear, high voice, as thrilling as the alarm blast of a silver trumpet, "yes, loves—Ernest De Vaux—with his whole heart and spirit! Never think to deny it! did I not see you, when you rushed to save her from lesser peril, when you left me, as you must have thought, to perish—did I not see love written as clearly as words in a book, on every feature of your face—even as I heard love crying out aloud in every accent of *her* voice?"

"What! jealous, Annabel! the calm and self-controlling Annabel! can she be jealous—of her own sister, too!"

"Not jealous, sir," she answered, now most contemptuously, "not jealous, in the least, I do assure you! For though, most surely, love can exist, without one touch of jealousy, as surely cannot jealousy exist where there is neither love, nor admiration, nor esteem, nor so much as respect existing."

"How!—do I hear you aright?" he asked, somewhat sharply—"do I understand you aright! What have become, then, of your vows and protestations—your protestations of yester even!"

"You do hear me—you do understand me," she replied, "entirely aright—entirely! In my heart—for I have searched it very deeply—in my heart there is not now one feeling of love, or admiration or esteem—much less of respect for you—alas! that I should say so! alas! for me and you! alas! for one, more to be pitied twenty-fold, than the other!"

"Annabel Hawkwood, you have never loved me."

"Ernest De Vaux, you never *have* known—never *will* know—because you are incapable of knowing—the depth, the singleness, the honesty of a true woman's love! So deeply did I love you, that I have come down down hither, seeing that long before you knew me, you had won Marian's heart—seeing that you loved her, as she loves you most ardently—and hoping that you had not discovered her affection, nor suspected your own feelings until to-day—I came down hither, I say, with that knowledge, in that hope—and had found that you had cured no farther than in trivial fickleness, loving you all the while beyond all things on earth, I purposed to resign your hand to her, thus making both of you happy, and trusting for my own consolation to conscientiousness of right and to the love of HIM, who all praise be to Him therefore, has so constituted the spirit of Annabel Hawkwood, that when she cannot honor, she cannot afford forever fool either love or friendship. You are weighed Ernest De Vaux, weighed in the balance and found wanting! I leave you now, sir, to prepare my sister to bear the blow your baseness has inflicted. Our marriage is broken off at once—now and forever! lay all the blame on me—on me!—if it so please you—but not one word against my own or my sister's honor! My aunt I shall inform instantly, that, for sufficient reasons, our promised union will not take place at all—the reasons I shall lock up in my own bosom. You may remain here—you *must* do so—this one night; to-morrow morning we will bid you adieu forever!"

"Be it so!"—he replied. "Be it so, lady—the fickleness I can forgive—but not the scorn! I will go now, and order that the regiment march hence forthwith. What more recruits there be, can follow at their leisure—and I will overtake the troops before noon, on the march, to-morrow;" and with the words he left the room, apparently, as unconcerned as if he had not left a breaking heart behind him—and as if all the agonies of h—l had not been burning within his own.

And was it true, that Annabel no longer loved him? True! believe it not! where woman once has fixed her soul's affections, there will dwell forever—principle may compel her to suppress them—prudence may rear her to conceal them—the fiery sense of outrageous wrong may seem to quench them for a moment—the bitterness of jealousy may turn them into gall—but, like that Turkish dome, where love has once existed it must exist forever, so long as one fragment of the earthly vessel which contained it survives the wreck of time and ruin.

She believed that she loved him not—but she knew not herself—what woman ever did!—what man!—then the springtide of passion was upon them. And she, too, left the parlor, and within a few minutes, Marian had heard her fate, and after many a tear, and many a passionate exclamation, she too, apparently, was satisfied of Ernest's worthlessness—oh! misapplied and heartless term! She *satisfied*! satisfied that he was false—that her heart's idol was an unclean thing—an evil spirit—a false God! she *satisfied*! oh! no, no!

Around the hospitable board once more—once more they were assembled—but oh! how sadly altered—the fair hall—then distinctly, audibly, pronounced—and all who imbibed there had heard it, though none of the sisters and De Vaux knew of the cause—how probably, but they, suspected it. We—it that there were no young men—no bright eyes with high hearts and strong hands—to make—or question. Well was it, that the only were of those much injured maidens, the friends, were superannuated men of peace, ministers of pardon, not of vengeance—a weak old helpless women! There had been bloodshed else—and, as it was, among the serving men, there were dark brows, and writhing lips, and hands alert to grasp the hilt at a word spoken—had they but been of rank one grade higher—had they *dared* even as they were—there had been bloodshed! Cold, cold and cheerless was the conversation—formal and dignified civilities, in place of gay familiar mirth—forced smiles, for hearty laughter—pale looks and dim eyes for the glad blushes of the promised bride—for the bright sparkles of her eye!

The evening passed—the hour of parting came; and it was colder yet and sadder. Ernest De Vaux, calm and inscrutable, and seemingly unmoved, kissed the hands of his lovely hostesses, and uttered his adieu and thanks for all their kindness, and hopes for their prosperity and welfare—while the old clergymen looked on with dark and angry brows, and their helpmates, with difficulty, could refrain from loud and passionate invective. His lip had a curl upon it—a painful curl, half smile, half sneer, as he bowed to the rest, and left the parlor; but none observed that as he did so, he spoke three or four words in a low whisper—so low that it reached Marian's ear alone, of all that stood around him—yet of such import, that her color came and went ten times within the minute, and that she shook from head to foot, and quivered like an aspen.

For two hours longer, the sisters sat together in Annabel's bedchamber, and wept in one another's arms, and comforted each other's sorrows, and little dreamed that they should meet no more for years—perchance forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS LATCH-KEY.

Have I lost thee, my Latch-Key, or was I so green
As to leave thee this morning behind?
No; thou hast but cemented it there, my waistcoat between,
And the texture by which it is lined.

Thou hast robb'd a great hole in my pocket, I see,
I have worn thee so long near my heart;
And that must be look'd to to-morrow, my key,
Oh else we are likely to part.

I believe we left home at a quarter to nine,
And here we're again at our door;
I don't know what the time is exactly; but soon
I expect we shall hear it strike four.

I cannot remember what on Earth I should do,
My Latch-Key, if 'twere not for thee;
For I never get home of a night before two;
And not very often till three.

And here, till I woke all the street with the cry,
In vain I might hammer and ring;
At one time my wife would set up for me; now,
Oh catch her at any such thing!

But Thou art no changed one, my Latch-Key; and so,
Since I find it's beginning to rain,
By thy leave, gentle Keyhole. Ha! What! Here's a go!
That woman has put up the chain!—*Punch.*

From the Magazines.

THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES W. EASTBURN.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast;
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy.
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sky,
Where not a breath is heard in sight—
So deep the soft tranquility.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the burning waters lay,
The noon of night her mantle gray
Spreads, for the sun's high bivouac,
Her glittering in that gentle night
The gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the shores of white
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shelling rides,
Nor so when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her gloriously.
But every sail is furled and still
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With pastal hopes of ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Though proudly where your hosts are driven
To rear your dazzling galaxy.
Same far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus, ever true,
Forever swells your harmony.

Oh for some softly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote
The lyre might wake its melody.
One feeble strain is all can swell
From mine almost deserted shell,
In mournful accents yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose
Than yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature breeds and knows
Shall burst upon me ceaselessly.
Oh may I then awake forever.
My heart to nature's high endeavor,
And on from earth's vain scene I sever,
Be lost in immortality!

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Those attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and not ambitious parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignes fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes, when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owns, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to that veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by the gossips assembled round. Annie's eye was a first love; and, like everything that is rare and beautiful, when *seen for the first time*, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and very blooming as the rose-colored ribands that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together, and there Robin Rainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Rolin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears, Annie might, and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's competers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of ——— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man hurriedly along the common footway to a little settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these hovels, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking fast, by the flickering light of an expiring lamp the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof tree can only be matter of conjecture; but the particulars of her history, as she herself gave at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that it was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her native youth, and to commend to him, with all the pathos of dying penitence, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in the abode of love, lingers, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty forever.

"And these are the fruits of vice!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the old and selfformed fashions of Annie. "Oh, could she but realize the full extent of the sinfulness of her own old woman, the owner of the hut; "and who am I, that I should presume to set myself up as the judge of the guide God wisdom? Here and no blame before me, for I have done my duty to her and to her child's; for I have done my duty to her and to her child's soul, the chain of mine. Sabbath-breaking, passion most refined—Passion, in life's last evening hour still warm. And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the manse, where she lived as her mother wished, unparted from the heart and to his manhood, her simple beauty and artless ways won the affections of Donald Anderson's son of her benefactor. They were mates, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression of face and ask her where was Birdalane now? when Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw the little pestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life active charity, full of years and good deeds, a venerable pastor at ——— slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often repeated from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found among his papers a manuscript, many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular ——, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

* *Bardolatrous*, means, in Scotch, the of the race—one who has evolved all love or only one

☞ The Poet thinks a bustle is rea realities of life, but only a matter of

The happy bliss that wants no wedded love,
Blest, purest emblem of the bliss above;
To dress new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Here and be blest—adore and be adored;
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined—
Passion, in life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The paper is again largely occupied with a theme which we should gladly pass over, did our duty as faithful journalists permit. But our readers have a reasonable desire to know all the particulars of so terrible an event, or rather series of events, as the late riot. In to-day's paper, it will be observed that we have, by culling the testimony, made up a statement verified by the oaths of witnesses. There is a great deal of difference between flying rumors and the condition of statements under the solemnity of an oath, and in presence of a court.

Our country friends will be pleased to hear that there exists here no farther danger. Quiet is restored, and all men of all parties converse with more calmness and forbearance than before, upon the late exciting topics. A disposition is every where felt to favor and encourage rigid investigation—and to develope *facts*, to let the blame of imprudence, or charges of a graver character fall upon whose shoulders they may. Calm and dispassionate inquiry can do no injustice.

In the name of all good citizens, we have the pleasant duty of returning the thanks of the public for the promptness with which the country military came into the city on the requisition of the authorities; and for the bravery which those poor fellows displayed, who stood the brunt of the battle on Sunday night week—and in this praise both the military of the city and of the adjoining towns, is to be included. Veteran soldiers could not have done better. We have heard good and disinterested judges of military matters and positions, pronounce the post of the troops—a mere handful of them—on Sunday night, as one of as much real danger and of more appalling circumstances, than can often happen in the course of actual and open warfare. In midnight darkness they were assailed by cowardly and assassin-like foes. Discharges of cannon, loaded with an ingenious variety of jagged missiles, raked the streets, now in one direction, and now in another. At no moment could the soldiers be prepared to anticipate the fire of their assailants—for the first notice of danger was the discharge. When a door was opened throwing any light into the street, villains stood ready in blind alleys and upon house tops to fire upon the men whose position the light exposed; and when no opportunity of this kind presented itself, chance shots were kept up by the mob upon the soldiers. The latter could not retaliate upon their scattered enemies—nor did any relief avail them until day-break sent away those who "loved darkness rather than light."

When we consider the accounts of this night's work, and the exaggerated rumors of the still determined and belligerent disposition of the mob, which were bruited every-where; and when the fact, that soldiers who had left their happy homes on Sunday, were returned maimed, or sent home dead on Monday, was widely spread, with natural exaggerations,—we do say that the country military, who came in with fuller ranks than is usual on parade days, deserve also the highest meed of praise for true, reflecting, and considerate courage and patriotism. Thank God, that no need has arisen for their active services. We know they would have been promptly and bravely rendered.

There is one more point on which we must speak, before we close. It is upon the triumphant testimony which has been adduced, and which will be found in this paper, of the moderation of officers and men on Sunday. The fact is clearly shown that they did not fire till not only was the authority of the laws in utter danger, but until their arms were in some instances wrested from their hands, and their companions thrown down in the scuffle, or knocked down with paving stones and brickbats. It was a terrible necessity which compelled the first fire upon the crowd; and the comparatively few killed and wounded shows, that even then, all the care possible in the exigence was taken, not to cause unnecessary slaughter. It was a terrible and impressive lesson. Deeply do we sympathize with the friends of those who fell—some of them innocent victims—but their exposure to danger was a matter of their own seeking. If the authorities are to be blamed at all in this connexion, it is because by long continued, mistaken lenity, they had permitted the calling out of the military to become a farce, and the expostulations and threats of the officers by-words—met only by the taunts of the multitude. Now our thanks are due to the men who have sacrificed their feelings, and wounded their own hearts in the performance of a duty, from which we hope a kind Heaven may ever, hereafter, deliver our citizen soldiers. May the intelligence of our people defend hereafter the motto of this Commonwealth—"Virtue — Liberty—Independence." VIRTUE, the base on which true Liberty only can rest—LIBERTY of person, of conscience, and of thought, defending the minority, as well as guarding the majority, the only safeguard of true INDEPENDENCE.

We are in sad arrears of notices to our friends, the booksellers—but must again give them the go-by, until next week. Our readers will bear in mind, that those whom we are in the habit of acknowledging the receipt of books from, are still attentive to us, and will be to them, if they choose to order or call.

We have nothing to add to-day, upon any other subject. We take leave of the reader, trusting, that on this day week, we shall meet him with a more cheerful paper than it has been possible to make this week's Post.

JUDGE JONES'S CHARGE.

On Monday, Judge Jones, of the Quarter Session, charged the Grand Inquest of the City and County, upon the subject of the illegality of depositing arms in churches, engine-houses, and other places. The Judge reviewed the Constitution and the Law, in relation to the right of citizens to have arms for defence of themselves, which he said did not permit people to assemble at places with arms, except under some recognized authority. All such lawful gathering is what the law denominates an unlawful assembly, and every person engaged in it is punishable for the misdemeanor; and this even if they do not proceed so far as a turbulent outbreak; for when such outbreak does occur, it is riot or high treason according to the object in view. The depositing of arms in a church or engine-house, or any other building, except a dwelling, for purpose of defence of a man and his family, for apprehended violence of a mob is a misdemeanor, and every person engaged in the deposit is liable to punishment. The building itself under such circumstances, is a nuisance, and can be presented as such. The Judge said that all arming of churches, in addition to the desecration, was doubly calculated to excite fear and distrust, and was, therefore, an illegal stretching of the right of a man to have arms without question. He traced the late outbreak to the arms concealed in the engine-house and a church.

Such ... there are different opinions relative to the charge ... of the law upon this subject, and we trust that an issue will be presented in such a way that the highest Judicial opinions in the State may be brought to bear upon it, and set it at rest. But whatever may be the legality, the expediency is most undeniable. Nor do we dissent at all from the Judge's opinion that the placing of arms in a church, other than for the use of the military, while they are in actual occupation, is a "desecration." There is no precept in the Christian religion, as we understand it, that authorizes the making an armory of the Sanctuary. We shall be sadly disappointed if, among the other results of the late terrible disturbances, it is not decided illegal by special act, if necessary, to organize an armed band for any purpose of protection to corporate property, or to permit any men, other than the regular State military, acting under regular orders, to band themselves under arms. It is discarding the restraints of law, and its protection, and going back to a state of anarchy. Of course the proper way to discountenance such things, is not by mobs—and from the well known course of the Post in relation to this riot, we shall not be misunderstood.

MOVEMENTS OF THE AUTHORITIES.

In order to avoid confusion, we would remind our distant readers that "Philadelphia" as generally spoken of for other than municipal purposes, includes several corporations or municipalities, each under a district and separate government. The Sheriff of the county and his deputies, have, of course, official standing and authority in all; but the Magistrates of our township or corporation, have no authority in the others. This circumstance has many times enfeebled the arm of the law, and is much to be regretted.

The separate corporations which form the great cluster, are: The City Proper, the Northern Liberties, Kensington, Spring Garden, Moyamensing, and Southwark. There are other corporations in the county, but the ones we have mentioned, are those generally spoken of as "Philadelphia." Of course, when a riot occurs in either, all the *mauvais sujets* of the others, rush in to do mischief. One district by its regular authorities, sufficient only for a slice of the county, cannot withstand the rowdyism of the whole—and thus we find enormous mischief done before the aid of the Sheriff can organize the strength of the good citizens of all, and before the military can possibly reach the scene. In speaking of the late riots, it is the height of injustice to consider Kensington or Southwark as furnishing *all* or even a *majority* of the rioters. Those two districts happen to have been the battle grounds; and though there are unquestionably many rioters in each district, yet the good and quiet citizens far predominate in number. For the causes already mentioned, they have been unable to cope successfully with the ruffianism of the whole county, aided by a sprinkling of rioters from other States and other countries.

After so much preface, we proceed to record some of the movements of the city and districts. We do this in justice to them, and in vindication of the fame of Philadelphia, from any unjust reflection. The truth is bad enough, without embellishment.

In Southwark good citizens were most strenuously laboring while the riots continued, to suppress it, though, as is well known, ineffectually. The conduct of one or two of the magistrates is marked by inefficiency, incertitude, and a mistaken lenity, and that of one magistrate is incomprehensible, unless we suppose that a dangerous *locum tenens* took the place of his wits on Sunday and Sunday night. But from the time when the authorities of the District retook charge of it, the extraordinary danger having passed, the District has been quiet, and some important arrests have been made by its officers. We trust they will make many more. With the awe of the county authorities backed by the military, now is the time to find the actors in the outrage, and hold them responsible.

In the city an ordinance has been passed for the formation of a PEACE GUARD, to consist of a full regiment of infantry, a full battallion of artillery, and one or more full troops of cavalry. When the ranks of this force are reported full to the Councils, twenty dollars shall be paid to the Brigadier General for each man, to be applied to the purchase of accoutrements, &c. A suitable depot of ammunition and stores is to be provided for the service of said Brigade; and the further sum of $10,000 to be made a special deposite, for use whenever the Mayor or Sheriff shall call said Peace Brigade into service. This is a most important step, and, it will be conceded, is likely to prove most efficient.

In the Northern Liberties on Monday evening the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

The Commissioners of the District of the Northern Liberties, while they congratulate their fellow citizens that their immediate District has been happily exempt from the scenes of violence and outrage that have recently been enacted in our vicinity, yet they cannot but feel that, to a certain extent, at least abroad, they must share the shame and reproach that attach to this entire community.

It is therefore deemed highly proper to express, in this official form, their cordial, emphatic, and unqualified condemnation and utter horror of the recent attempts to overawe the civil authorities, from which has followed, as their legitimate consequence, the murder (by a lawless armed mob) of our fellow citizens, engaged in protecting private rights, in obedience to a legal requisition. There can be no sufficient cause, there can be no provocation to justify the existence or misconduct of a mob. We live under wholesome and salutary laws; to them we must look for protection and for redress of our grievances. The indiscretion or rashness of one does not give to another the right of vengeance. The law is our only umpire, and he who places himself beyond its protection, must submit to its penalties.

With these views, it is

Resolved, That we approve entirely of the action of the military called into service on the night of Sunday the 7th instant, to whose energetic and decisive measures are we indebted, not only for our present quiet, but for the prospect of future escape from the terrible calamity of a government of mobs.

Resolved, That the thanks of the citizens of this District are due, and are hereby tendered to David R. Porter, Chief Executive Magistrate of the Commonwealth, for so promptly responding to the call made upon him, and adopting energetic measures for protection and safety. To Major General Patterson, of the 1st Division, for the measures resorted to in the emergency; and to Generals Cadwalader and Roumfort, of the 1st and 2d Brigades, who, with the citizen soldiers under their command, nobly perilled their lives in obedience to the call of the civil authorities.

Resolved, That the friends and families of those who were murdered by the mob, whilst engaged in public service, under the direction of the authorities, and in the defence of the rights and properties of the citizens, have our warmest and sincere sympathies; that a debt of gratitude is due to the deceased, which is not to be paid by mere words, and that those who depended upon them for support, should wholly receive substantial aid from the public.

Resolved, That the Board recommend to the Legislature of the State, to provide by law, for the support of the families of the brave soldiers who were killed on Sunday night, the 7th instant, in the defence of the laws of the State.

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to present an attested copy of this paper to each of the officers named in the foregoing Resolutions.

In Spring Garden on the same evening, the following action was taken:

Resolved, By the Board of Commissioners of the District of Spring Garden, that the promptness and energy of action manifested by Governor David R. Porter, pending the late unlawful outrages, merits and receives our most heartfelt thanks, which we hereby tender to him, for the measures he has adopted in support of the laws, and the preservation and perpetuation of the public peace.

Resolved, That all praise is due to the exertions of Major General Robert Patterson, of Brig. Gen. Cadwalader, and Brig. Gen. Roumfort, and the officers and soldiers under their command, for the courage exhibited in standing and firing against a concealed and skulking mob of ruffians, who put all law and justice at defiance, by covertly firing on the organized functionaries of the county, when in the discharge of their duties in endeavoring to sustain the public welfare and quiet.

Resolved, That the alacrity shown by the troops from the interior, in obeying the call made on them in time of danger, fully proves that the spirit that formerly led us on to independence, is still cherished in the bosoms of their descendants, who are ever ready to stand forward and defend our glorious institutions, which were sanctified with the blood and treasure of our noblest heroes.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to Governor Porter, Major General Patterson, and to Brig. Gen. Cadwalader, and Brig. Gen. Roumfort.

The military gentlemen were waited on by the committee above mentioned, and the resolutions delivered to them. Each of the officers evinced much feeling at the action of the authorities, and replied in a manner bespeaking their gratification at the simple justice done them. Governor Porter had left the city, but the documents were forwarded to him.

And now we would beg our distant readers, when they speak of "Philadelphia Mobs," to ponder the facts and considerations which we have endeavored to place intelligibly before them. Amid the natural sympathy for the wounded and dead; and the villainous lies started by designing men, and repeated by innocent parties, whose feelings blinded their judgment, it evinces a most honorable degree of moral courage when men come boldly forward as the authorities have done;—not be it remarked, in an act of compulsory duty, but in a voluntary and gallant defence of the defenders of the peace. *Now*, public sentiment is sound, and the hardships of the military are properly appreciated.

LEGAL INVESTIGATION OF THE SOUTHWARK RIOTS.

On Friday and Saturday, and on Monday last, Judge Jones, of the Quarter Sessions sat, as a committing magistrate, to hear the testimony of witnesses who had been summoned in relation to the Southwark Riots. The result was, the committal of several persons, whose names, and the charges against them, will be found in another place. We have not space for the entire testimony, but present extracts, together with the following article from the North American. This article we place here, because it seems to us, by comparison with the testimony, to present all the material and important facts. In our opinion, it is an impartial account of the origin, progress, and termination of the riot, and all the allegations in it are fully substantiated by the testimony, which is very voluminous. We give this article in preference to any abstract of our own, because one of the editors of the paper, in which it appeared, is a well-known, active, and enthusiastic member of the "Native American Party;" a strenuous advocate of the usual party measures and organization, a frequent speaker at their meetings, an exemplary citizen, and no rioter. He spoke at the meeting in Independence Square, which preceded the march to Kensington, earnestly deprecating that fatal step.

As the public mind is now composed, we believe that a distinct statement of the occurrence of Sunday afternoon and night, so far as the military are concerned, may not prove uninteresting, and it will enable persons at a distance to judge impartially of this most exciting and unfortunate occurrence. As soon as the Hibernia Greens retired from the Church of St. Philip de Neri, the Native American party, under Messrs. Grover, Ardise, Levin, Titus, &c. took possession of the church. About three o'clock, while standing in front of the church, a body of men and well grown lads, generally of the lower classes, and many of them in their shirt sleeves, made an attack on the west door, with a stout pole, some twelve feet long, and attempted to break in the door. The Natives within the church urged them to desist. A party of Natives formed in front of the door and on the steps, and as fast as the battering ram was brought near the door, the end was seized by them and forcibly borne to the ground. They rallied in considerable force, and their assailants, after being repeatedly foiled, at length gave up the attempt. After some time another attempt was made, which was again unsuccessful. The party of the rioters becoming more numerous, they changed their position and attacked a high wall, connecting the church with a building on the west. The wall soon gave way, when a rush was made through the breach, and after battering in some of the windows and a door they effected an entrance into the church. The greater part of the assailants showed but little disposition to commit any open acts of violence, but some of them fired the shavings and other combustibles in the church, which were, however, soon extinguished. The alarm for the citizens to assemble was rung by the State House bell, and a large number of persons hastened to Southwark. During all this time there were no arms in the possession of either the Natives or the rioters.

The First Brigade of Volunteers had been ordered to parade at three o'clock, P. M. The Artillery Regiment at the State Arsenal, and the 1st Regiment of Infantry in Independence Square. The Artillery marched to the square about six o'clock. About this time Gen. Patterson received two messages from the Native Americans in the church, asking that the military might be sent down, as they were unable to protect the church if again attacked. Gen. Cadwalader received a similar message, urging the military to take possession of the church. He immediately called upon Gen. Patterson, and stated having received a communication from Southwark, and asked for orders. Another message came to Gen. Patterson, stating that the Natives could not retain possession of the church, and Gen. Cadwalader received orders from the Major General and the Sheriff to proceed and take it. This was about a quarter before seven o'clock. The whole force of the First Brigade, at this time, was only one hundred and seventy-five men, all told. The companies had been so often called out, and as often abused and insulted by various mobs, that most of the men abstained from parading; hence the small number of men on duty on this occasion.

The officers seeing the small force collected, were at first discouraged, but when it was stated that they had been ordered to take possession of the church, they obeyed the summons with alacrity. They were provided with only two six-pounders, and the residue armed with muskets. On reaching the ground in front of St. Philip's church, the troops were halted. Gen. Cadwalader addressed the crowd, which at this time was not large, and stated that he was directed, by the authorities, to clear the ground, and take possession of the church—that all good citizens would retire promptly, in order that he might be enabled to effect this object; if not, he should be compelled to take it by force. That peaceable citizens could prevent this resort by quitting the ground. He then sent a message to those in the church, stating that he had been sent by the civil and military authorities to relieve them, and take possession of the church.

When the column was halted, the Artillery Company of Cadwalader Greys, Capt. Scott, was ordered to clear Queen street to Second street, and take post there; they were reinforced by Captain Hill, of the City Guards; the State Fencibles, Captain Page, were ordered to clear the South side of Queen, between the Church and Third street. The Washington Blues, Capt. W. C. Patterson, and the Second State Fencibles, were ordered to take possession of the Church, and were marched and halted in front of it, on the pavement, near the entrance, on the east side. The two field pieces were unlimbered and manned by the Philadelphia Greys, under Lieuts. Hastings and Vance, and pointed down Queen street. Some of the Native Americans having possession of the Church, and some few others who entered it after the military arrived on the ground, were for barricading the doors, in order to prevent the military from entering, but as soon as it was ascertained that they were sent down by the civil authorities, the doors were quickly unfastened. Mr. T. D. Grover mounted into a pew, called the defenders to order, stated that General Cadwalader had arrived with the military, by order of the civil authorities, to relieve them, and take possession of the Church. A motion was made and seconded, and unanimously carried, that the defenders of the Church march out, two and two, and surrender it to the General. They accordingly formed and marched out of the church by a small door on the east side, and when on the pavement were immediately in front of Capt. Patterson's command. General Cadwalader at the moment was near Third street, but soon rode up, when Mr. Grover stated to him that the Native American party who had defended the Church had withdrawn from it, agreeable to his request, and that they now surrendered it to him. The General asked if there were any persons left in the Church, and was answered, not a soul, that it was entirely vacated. He then replied, Mr. Grover, I thank you. By —— you have behaved most gallantly. Mr. Grover replied, that he hoped they would defend it as well, or as safely.

During the time the above occurrences were taking place, which probably occupied about eight minutes, the ground had been cleared to Third street, without difficulty. Toward Second street, however, the scene was different. Capt. Scott's company were threatened, then pelted by several persons with brickbats and stones, one of which struck Sergeant Starr on the breast, and broke two of his ribs, and caused a stream of blood to flow from his mouth. Another of the same company received a severe blow. General Cadwalader gave notice that the ground must be cleared, and if necessary the officers should use force. The company was brought to a charge, and moved forward, in double quick time. Several persons in the crowd fell, but were not injured by the military, who succeeded in clearing the ground to Second street. There was, however, a determination evinced by a number of persons to seize their arms. About this time the defenders of the church came down Queen street in a body, on the south pavement, until they reached Second street, where they separated. Mr. Grover stepped out in front of the Cadwalader Greys, to try and pacify the crowd.

At this moment, some ten or fifteen persons in Queen, below Second street, advanced, and some of them ordered a sentinel on post in the street to retire. He coolly and repeatedly urged them to fall back, but they continued to advance. Capt. Scott faced his company to the right, and moved them up to the house on the south-west side of Queen street; Capt. Hill at the same time marched his company forward, in order to form on Scott's left. He was opposed by most of the crowd, when he flourished his sword and ordered them to fall back. Most of those in the crowd were disposed to retire peaceably, but there were others, and not a few, who were bent on mischief. Believing that the forbearance shown by the military for the last ten years, would prevent them from firing, they seized several of the bayonets of the soldiers, who were at a charge, and attempted to force them out of their hands. At the same time one of Capt. Hill's company received a severe blow, and the Captain was seized, thrown down, and an attempt made to wrest the sword out of his hand. At this moment, when the arms of the soldiers were about being wrested by force out of their hands, and not before, Capt. Hill gave the order to fire. There were upwards of thirty muskets discharged, and only seven persons killed or wounded, which shows conclusively, that there was no disposition to take life, but that the troops were acting on the defensive. The crowd quickly dispersed, but those who had assailed the military instantly departed, procured arms, and returned to attack those sent to preserve the peace. The fearful occurrences of that night are well known.

In relation to the first fire, we give the following testimony from that given on the examination:

Oliver Hopkinson, sworn—Second Lieutenant of Cadwalader Greys; we were on the ground near the church, halted in front; we were detailed to clear the street; we had not gone ten steps before our progress was impeded; they rushed into those houses where they evidently did not belong, and crowded up to the church again, they passing on the pavement; I went to Col. Pleasanton, and he detailed the City Guard to assist us; we were on the South side and the City Guard on North side; we had not gone far when we were posted, and came in contact with the crowd; Captain Scott ordered us to charge bayonets which we did, and the crowd gave way; the crowd was very much irritated, and while we were doing this brickbats were thrown; when we got to Second street, we threw out guards; we tried to reason with them; they tried to snatch away our pistols; the mob got boisterous, and attempted to disarm some of Captain Hill's men; we had to report; the crowd came up and dared us to fire, saying fire and be d—d, if you do we'll massacre every b—r of you; we were fifteen minutes at least at Second and Queen streets endeavoring to get out guards; I saw Captain Hill and two or three of his men mingled in the crowd and a collision; I saw his sword above his head, striking about evidently in self-defence, and at the same time one of our members was attacked, he drew his piece and would have fired it, but I stopped him; in two seconds afterwards, two, three, or four officers cried out to fire, some one said, why don't you fire; such was the emergency; I had told them if they fired to fire low; they did fire low; I don't believe there were more than eighteen muskets; there was not one discharge until after we were attacked with cannon; the posse had passed out and gone down Second street; the men in our ranks called out, is this what we were brought here for? why did you bring us here? We would individually notify them, the crowd, that we would fire; Captain Scott begged permission to throw out our guards; after we pushed bayonet, they cleared on and could have got away; there were two hundred immediately surrounding us; it was before dark; the volley cleared the streets; we put out our guards; we went over to Commissioners Hall to assist Captain Drayton, and brought his arms and ammunition; just after dark, while standing there, we saw a flash down Queen street, and articles flew over our heads, which I can compare to nothing but a regular hardware shop, every imaginable piece of iron that one could think of; it was perfectly harmless; Col. Pleasanton was hurt by a piece of iron from one of these discharges; we gave them musketry and a field piece; nothing hurt by their first charge; they extinguished all the lights; then came a volley of musketry; they had brought their piece to Second street, when the cavalry came and took it; it was a four pounder, mounted on a low truck; we first spiked it and then dismounted it; I think we could have stood out a week; Captain Scott was shot about 10 o'clock; he was on the South side of Queen street; the shot was fired from the Northeast or Northwest corner of Second and Queen streets, evidently from some elevation.

From the testimony of Col. Bradford, Gen. Cadwalader's Aid, we cut the following in reference to the same point of time:

At Third and Queen, a number of persons seemed to form across the street; as we approached, they stepped aside and groaned; we proceeded to the front of the church; as we halted, Gen. Cadwalader ordered Col. Pleasanton to throw out sentinels, riding up and requested the citizens to retire; they said we'll soon take your d——d nice coat off; they seized a sentinel's gun; another came up and cocked his gun, and said if they did not release it he'd fire; they did release it; Captain Scott was ordered to clear Queen street, from Second to Front; Captain Scott came out into the street, and cleared Queen street from the church to Second street; he said his command was not strong enough, and Gen. Cadwalader ordered Captain Hill to assist Captain Scott. In a few minutes Mr. Grover came out, and others from the church, and Gen. Cadwalader passed them down Queen street to Second, and as they came out, some said, General we hope you'll have a quiet night; the mob was very dense outside; the military were in a solid body, facing the mob at a shoulder arms; the mob were very insolent, pointing out those whom they knew; the military made no reply; I had turned my horse to go towards the General, when my horse was struck in the rump, and immediately a volley of brickbats flew all around; one of Captain Scott's and Captain Hill's Company fell; broke the ribs of Sergeant Starr, of the Grays, and cut the head of another; both were disabled. At this moment, I saw Captain Hill out in the mob, and in a moment Captain Hill disappeared; there was a man in a check shirt had been leading him towards the mob; the men came to a present; they never fired a musket until Captain Hill was down; they killed four; the man with a check shirt was killed; I saw a man trying to wrench the musket from the hand of a Cadwalader Grey; the Grey told him to desist, or he would fire, and he received for answer, "fire and be d——d." At that moment the Grey jerked his musket so as to come accidentally by the side of the man's cheek, when he pulled trigger, and when the smoke cleared off, I saw the man lying on the ground, with half of his face shot off; I was mounted, was above the rest, and could see distinctly what occurred.

Gen. Cadwalader then said, cease firing; people were now running in every direction; the firing and the order seemed to be simultaneous, the dead were carried off; I am certain no firing was done until Sergeant Starr and Capt. Hill were down; then Col. Pleasanton arranged his field pieces in battery position; Gen. Cadwalader ordered him to take position at Second and Queen; the pieces were loaded with canister; all was quiet until 9; then there was a fire at Second and Queen from Front and Queen; by this no one was killed; it was fired three times; Capt. Scott was shot from the north side of Queen street, from above; the shot went downwards; he was taken to the hospital; and soon after Col. Pleasanton was brought in; then Gen. Cadwalader took command of the artillery; we learned that they fired with a slow match, and loaded under cover; they then ceased firing and commenced beating a tin kettle, after a while they came up with muffled wheels with their piece, and after a while a volley of all sorts of things, bottles, chains, nails, &c., fell in all directions; it was very dark; don't know the time; Capt. Mallory and a boy with him then fired their own gun alone twice; Capt. Snyder's Washington Cavalry, of Bustleton, came on the ground, and charged the insurgents and took their piece and spiked it; we then received another fire, and Capt. Snyder charged that and captured it; from authentic information we received, we have reason to believe that the insurgents were 250 at different points; one command was 120 all told; there were 20 or 30 discharges altogether; I can't say I was constantly with the General all Sunday night, but the greater part; on Saturday I was astonished to perceive the coolness with which Gen. Cadwalader and the kindness with which he appealed to the people; I heard Gen. Cadwalader say, it is useless for us to take prisoners when those who are taken are released and turned upon us; take no prisoners, but kill all; the words "kill all," were confined to those caught firing upon the military, for when the General gave orders to Capt. Snyder's troop to capture a piece of artillery, he directed him to cut every man down who was found managing the guns against the military; when my horse was seized, I cut the hand of the man who seized him, and had him put in custody in the church; he was released the next morning.

Several prisoners taken by the police and by the soldiers were released by Aldermen, and one certainly, now in Moyamensing, was arrested at the time he committed the offence, but Alderman McKinley *refused to receive him*. It was after this, that Gen. Cadwalader told his officers to take no more prisoners. Annexed is an abstract of the Sheriff's testimony.

SHERIFF'S TESTIMONY.

The testimony of Mr. McMichael, High Sheriff of the County, is important, as giving some points in the history of the affair which have not been presented, in their order, to the public before. He received notification of the difficulty on Friday evening, July 5th, about dusk, in a note from Alderman Hortz, and from private individuals, and on his arrival at the ground, found a large number of persons there. He was told by the Alderman that while the arms remained in the Church the civil authorities had no means of protecting it; but if they were taken out the people would be satisfied. On his way down he called with these persons on General Patterson, and was told by the General that the arms had been placed in the Church with the sanction of the Governor.

On entering the Church with Aldermen Hortz and Sanders found Priest Dunn, his brother, Wm. H. Dunn, and another, and was told by them that the twelve stand of arms had been that day taken into the Church. Told them it was indiscreet, and the Priest produced a note written by a young lady a member of his Sunday School, stating that the Church would be burned that night. These guns were taken out by the watch; Wm. H. Dunn admitted that there were other guns in the Church which had been there some time. The clamor among the crowd that there were other arms in the Church continued, and the proposition was made that a Committee should be appointed to go into the Church and search for more arms. The twenty Mr. McMichael considered as his police, and enrolled them as such, and never considered them in any other light. Stated to the crowd the the guns taken in that day were removed, and that he should permit nothing to be carried in or out of the Church until morning. Accepted the offer of 33 men whom he supposed to be the *civic* guard, though they afterward proved to be the *city* guard.

The twenty men who went into the Church with the Sheriff and Aldermen Sanders and McKinley, insisted upon searching the Church that night. The Sheriff remonstrated, that it was not safe to do so with candles, that he was not sure of his right to search—that daylight would be better, &c. But while he was speaking a side door was opened, and two men were armed with loaded muskets. The search was then made, eight or ten armed men were found, and arms, &c. The 20 men who formed the committee, or posse, were armed, and the church remained in quiet possession of the posse till 1½ o'clock, when the City Guards, Capt. Hill, came down, and the Sheriff discovered the mistake he had made. Through this accident, military aid was obtained. The Sheriff had not asked for it, but was very glad that he got it. Left the Church at 3 o'clock, to arrange a relief for Capt. Hill.

In the course of Saturday morning had conference with the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions. About 1 o'clock on Saturday, the County Commissioners gave me notice that they desired that I would take all means, and employ a sufficient number of deputies to protect the Church. One of the Commissioners came into my office and the Sheriff asked him if he meant that I should employ the military as deputies. He said certainly—that was a matter for the Sheriff to do if considered necessary. Had commenced at a very early hour to summon a civil posse to meet me at 5 o'clock, P. M., issued several hundred notices. Told Mr. George Hoffner to employ 60 special policemen in Moyamensing. Sent Mr. Price, his deputy, to the Southwark Aldermen, to get them to employ 10 special policemen in each ward; and he sent to Major General Patterson notice that he should hold any number of companies, not less than 10 in number, ready to act so soon as he should send him word that their services were required. Gave this formal notice about 1 o'clock.

On Saturday night the Sheriff went down with a civil posse of one hundred men; the crowd were warned, and several arrests were made. Would have found the force too weak without the military. At 8 o'clock Gen. Cadwalader arrived with a detachment of military, 44 in all. The crowd became clamorous, threw stones, and assailed the military at several points. Several arrests were made, and the prisoners put in the church, on account of the dense crowd, through which it would have been impossible to remove them to the Commissioners' Hall.

At about 2 o'clock, A. M., Sunday, witness proposed that one of the aldermen should make an examination of the persons arrested, while those who had made the arrests and knew the facts were present. Witness spoke to Alderman Sanders to do so, but he seemed indisposed, saying he had watch cases to hear at 4 o'clock. Some one mentioned Alderman McKinley, but witness did not accede, *because from what one of his officers had informed him, he did not think Alderman McKinley to be in a fit state to hear prisoners.* Alderman Hortz was sick, which made witness not apply to him. Witness requested as many of his police as were present, or as had made arrests, to stay. Alderman Sanders heard the case at 4 o'clock, A. M. Hemphill McFate and witness stayed, and appeared against the prisoners, some of whom were committed.

At half past ten, witness having gone home at five, heard of the renewed difficulty, on account of the arrest of Naylor, and the fact that an Irish company were in the church. Four of the twenty who had been his posse informed him of the same thing. While the Sheriff was in consultation with Judge Parsons, at General Cadwalader's house, and just as they had decided to go down there and hear Naylor's case, the news of his rescue by a mob, and the other events of the day, were received.

The City Hall bell was sounded by the Sheriff to call upon six hundred persons to whom he had issued notices on the 3d of July. Only five or six answered; but the Sheriff collected sixty or seventy from bystanders, who, when, armed, went down with the military. The concluding part of the Sheriff's testimony is thus given in the Ledger:

In the latter part of the afternoon, some of the twenty whom I appointed on Friday night, came to inform me that the church was in charge of a committee of citizens, who refused to co-operate with them, or have any thing to do with a Sheriff's posse; at a still later hour a gentleman called upon me, and said to me that he was one of a committee of forty who had then possession of the church, that they would protect the church as citizens, but would not act as officers of the Sheriff, and they stipulated also that the military should not go down; the military were in motion; I ordered Col. McCahen to take my civil posse down to Queen and Second; up to a late hour it was doubtful whether a sufficient force could be obtained to keep possession of the Church; the military mustered in small numbers; it was known that the mob had three cannons; upon consultation, it was determined by all the officers, including the Attorney-General, to go down and take possession of the Church and maintain it against all mobs, believing that the persons in possession of the church were a part of the mob, they not being willing to act under the law officers, we regarded the fact of dislodging the officers of the law as an open rebellion against the law; the streets were filled with persons as I passed down; I reached the corner of Queen street just as the firing took place; I remained and saw the military take post, and afterwards until after the cannonading took place; I understood from the military officers on the ground that they had been grievously assaulted, that several had been struck by stones, Capt. Hill captured, and his sword wrested from him, &c., I left the ground about 11 o'clock; went to the Major General and got him to send down some cavalry for reinforcement.

I made repeated efforts to organize a civil force to relieve the military on Monday, but was unsuccessful. The military mustered in small numbers. About noon a proposition was submitted to Major General Patterson, and subsequently submitted by the Commissioners of the District of Southwark, to the Sheriff, Judges of Quarter Sessions, and Attorney General. At this point, a person presented himself as a committee, from the mob, who was not listened to. In considering the proposition from the local authorities of Southwark, no intercourse was opened with any committee, or any one but the civil authorities. Col. Jack attended as a committee from some meeting, but, by direction of Judges Jones and King, was ordered to leave the court room. The military went down by my authority, and I do not think the church could have been saved without them on Saturday evening. I have no means of knowing any thing of the present condition of the District of Southwark, except as disclosed in the testimony upon this examination.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.—On Monday, a lady, named Jane Pennel, resident in Beck's alley, died from the effect of fright, occasioned by the firing at the riot on Sunday evening, the 7th inst. It appears that just as the first fire took place she was approaching the door of her house, when she fell back, with a shriek, into a state of insensibility, and remained so until her decease.

STATE OF THE CITY.

All is now quiet, and no symptoms exist, as far as we know, or can judge, of any disposition to violence. Since our account of last week was made up there has been no disturbance of any kind, out of the usual routine of individual cases of disorderlies. The soldiers who are here now, are most of them fresh troops, who have taken the places of those dismissed. Their orderly deportment and strict discipline, does them infinite credit.

On Sunday night there was a false alarm that Moyamensing Prison, to which some prisoners had been conveyed, was to be attacked, and the occasion only showed with what almost miraculous expedition the troops could be moved to any necessary point.

In connexion with the subject of the late disturbances, there are three statements which we notice here, rather than incorporate them in the record of official proceedings. The first is a statement signed by Alderman McKinley and eighteen of the "Committee of Twenty," who searched the Church for arms. It contains nothing more than appears in the other testimony, except the charge of repeated falsehood and evasion against the Priest, Mr. Dunn, and his attempts to prevent search. The other two statements are the following, which were drawn up by their respective signers, for the Public Ledger.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CADWALADER'S STATEMENT.

I take a moment to say that many and urgent requests were made to Gen. Patterson and to the Sheriff to have a military force sent down to St. Philip's church, on Sunday afternoon, and we were informed that unless such force was sent, that the persons in the church could not retain possession of it.

Under these circumstances, it was supposed that it would have been attributed to timidity if we had not gone, and the Sheriff was particularly desirous that, if our force was a sufficient one, the military should receive possession of the church and protect it.

I considered our force, although not large, sufficient for the purpose of maintaining possession until daylight the next morning; but stated that an additional supply of ammunition would be then necessary, as well as a reinforcement of *fresh men*, provided there was any collision with the mob—that it was supposed there would be no difficulty in providing, for the troops were expected to arrive from the county.

On our arrival at the church I halted the troops and gave notice to the mob to disperse, and stated that all persons were required to clear the street and to go to their homes; and I informed them that I was ordered to use force to do so if the order was not complied with, or if resistance was offered, and that I intended to obey my instructions. In obedience to instructions, previously received from Major General Patterson, I gave directions to all officers acting in command of companies which were detached for any particular service, to fire in the event of being assailed or resisted, without further orders.

I then directed Col. Pleasanton to detail Capt. Scott's company to clear the street as far as Second street, which was promptly done; but finding it necessary, I sent Captain Hill's company to unite with Capt. Scott in the performance of the same duty.

I then gave notice again to all persons at the corner of Second and Queen streets to disperse, and warned them that the responsibility would rest upon themselves if they did not do so.

Much unruly conduct occurred, and insult was lavished upon officers and men in the discharge of their duty.

I had, at the time these companies were clearing the street, unlimbered and loaded two six-pounder field pieces, and placed them in front of the church.

Capt. Patterson's company was detailed for receiving possession of the church.

I then, after repeating instructions to the officers at the corner of Second and Queen, to maintain their position, and to fire if resisted or assailed, returned to the church, and informed the citizens within that I thanked them in the name of the public authorities for the faithful manner in which they had protected the property entrusted to their care, and accompanied them to the corner of Queen and Second streets, to pass them out at the guard stationed there. The moment the last member of the committee had passed, Capt. Hill's sword was seized by one of the mob, and he was knocked down by a blow on the neck from a brick or stone. Two men who attempted to assist him were struck, and an attempt made to wrest their muskets from them. At the same moment a shower of stones were hurled upon the military amid the shouts of the mob; one of which struck Sergeant Starr, of the Cadwalader Grays, in the breast, and another, a private of the same company, both of whom were knocked down and disabled, and have not at this time recovered. A member of Capt. Hill's company fired at the man who had hold of the captain's sword when he fell, and the company aimed and fired over their captain, who was yet lying stunned by the blow. Capt. Scott's company fired about the same time.

STATEMENT OF COLONEL PAGE.

While General Cadwalader was engaged with a portion of his command in clearing the street at Second and Queen streets, I was performing the like duty under his instructions at Third and Queen. Our orders were not to fire except in defence, and when assaulted. The companies detailed met with considerable opposition. The mob retired slowly and sullenly on all sides. The utmost forbearance was exhibited under their insults; and it was not without great delay and much difficulty that the avenues at Third and Queen were finally cleared, and the military posted. Crowds remained, however, outside of the line drawn across the streets, menacing by words as well as gestures. The approaches up from Third and Queen had scarcely been taken possession of before the firing was heard at Second and Queen, an attack having been made upon the Artillery companies at this point by the mob. The companies of Infantry were stationed as nearly as can be recollected, as follows. In Third street, just below Queen, the State Fencibles, Lt. Middleton; a detachment of the Washington Artillerists, Capt. Mallory, with a six pounder, No. 1; the Germantown Blues, Lieut. Bockius, the above, under my immediate command. I was also charged with the superintendence of the other line of defence, in Queen street, above Third. The line under the immediate command of Captain Tustin, consisted of the National Guards, Lieut. Matheys; Monroe Guards, Capt. Small; Wayne Artillerists, Capt. Fairlamb, and a detachment of the Washington Artillery, with a six pounder, No. 2., under Lieut. Bringhurst. The line up Third, near to Catharine, was formed by companies under the immediate command of Col. Murphy. Thus the approaches Southwest and North, were guarded at the time and during the attack upon the Artillery on the East. The firing in that quarter lasted a considerable time when it was interrupted, and so continued until a late hour of the night. Then it was that the murderous discharge of cannon took place at the corner of Third and Christian, at the line commanded by me. Not a shot had been fired by any of the military comprising these three corners of defence up to this point, and they were at a distance of a square from the point of the first attack by the mob. Many of the shot, however, from Second and Queen, came up and struck among them at Third and Queen. The effect of the first fire of the rioters was terrible. The cannon was filled with all sorts of missiles, and could not have been more than one hundred and fifty feet from my line when discharged. Fortunately for my command, I had drawn up my right company, the Fencibles, close to the West side of the street, and the left, the Germantown Blues, close to the East side of the street, leaving the centre of the street clear, except so far as it was occupied by the six pounder, with Capt. Mallory, and his detachment. The discharge struck to the Eastward of the six pounder, and, owing to the elevation and obliquity of the fire, spent its greatest force upon the buildings on each side of the street, principally on the East, however, passing over the heads of the Fencibles, Artillery and Blues. The scattering missiles, however, took effect upon the six pounder, the right of the Blues and the left of the Fencibles. Sergeant Guyer, of the Blues, was instantly killed, and Corporal Troutman mortally wounded; Lieut. Cox, and Privates Osborn, Rot, Waterhouse and Ashworth, of the same company, were also wounded; Lieut. Bockius had a ball shot through his cap; Capt. Mallory had his pompoon shot away, and Private Crawford, of the Artillery, was dangerously wounded; his arm having since been amputated at the shoulder joint; and Private Patterson slightly; Sergeant Marston, of the State Fencibles, was shot in the thigh; Private Hasson cut on the wrists, and some of the muskets struck by the fragments, which fell in every direction. The men were all blown from the six pounder, and the concussion threw back the left of the Fencibles and right of the Blues, but Private Crout immediately rallied and fired off the piece, and a volley of musketry was given, from right to left, by the Fencibles and Blues.

The six pounder was immediately reloaded by Crout, assisted by Sergeant Marth, of the Fencibles, and fired by Captain Mallory. Corporal Maxwell, of the Blues, took the place of Crawford. After this a regular discharge of musketry was kept up, the military firing at intervals, to prevent the planting of cannon from their fire. Another, however, came from the same part in about an hour, aimed at the same line, but fortunately no one was injured, the Commanding Officer directing his men to preserve a kneeling position. After this the rioters proceeded to Fourth and Queen streets, and gave Captain Tustin's line, in Queen street, a raking fire from that quarter, wounding several of the Wayne Artillery. They then returned to Third and Christian, and were preparing for another fire, when the cavalry under Captains Snyder and Bavington set upon them and captured the cannon, several of the troopers being severely hurt in the attempt. Many prisoners were taken and brought in at this time. No assault was made upon Col. Murphy's line up Third street. The firing was up Queen from below Second, up Third from Christian, and down Queen from above Fourth; but the discharges up Third carried the instruments of death far beyond Col. Murphy's line, approaching from the rear and passing some of them as high up as South and Third. The troopers were also fired upon from house tops, windows and alleys, with musketry and rifles, many of the houses near where they were stationed concealing foes. The night was so dark that objects could not be observed at any distance, and the rioters took care to put out the lamps in their neighborhood. In this way they could closely approach the lines of defence and fire upon them without risk; retreating into cross streets, and hauling away their cannon by means of ropes secured for that purpose. After the capture of the cannon by the cavalry, the firing ceased, and the troops remained in possession of all their posts until Monday afternoon, when they were withdrawn by the Sheriff, at the request of the civil authorities of Southwark; these gentlemen representing that they could preserve the peace of the district, and that there was no further service for military force.

ARRESTS.

The following is a list of the principal arrests which have taken place in connexion with, and in consequence of the recent riots:

ON THURSDAY. Lewis C. Levin—to answer to the charge of inciting to riot and treason in the "Daily Sun," of which he is editor. Held to bail in $3,000 to answer, and in $1,000 to keep the peace.

John C. Watmough, charged with exciting language, held in his own recognizance in $1,000 to keep the peace for three months.

Samuel R. Kramer, editor of the Native American, held in $500 to keep the peace.

Wm. P. Hanna, exciting language and resistance of the Police, held in $1,500.

FRIDAY. No arrests of moment. A few disorderly persons for exciting language.

SATURDAY. Ethan Harwood, a young man employed in a china store in the city. Held in $13,000, to answer the charges of riot, treason and murder. He is charged with being an active rioter, and with being with one of the cannon.

Wm. H. Springer, of Southwark. Wm. H. Everly testified that on Monday week, Springer, in the course of a conversation, said that he was sorry that the military were about to be withdrawn, for they would have fired brimstone at them, by which they would all have been killed. Mr. Springer was held to bail in $2,000 for further hearing.

Washington Conrad, charged with having knocked down Capt. Hill. Bail refused by Recorder Vaux.

Christopher Wren, charged with having gone with the mob and obtained guns. Held in $2,000. All the above except Mr. Springer were committed. They were conveyed to Moyamensing, in charge of a troop of horse.

Wm. R. Rodgers, held in $500 for insulting a sentinel, before the Girard Bank.

James Reese, held in $500 for inflammatory language before the head quarters in Green street. Wm. Smith held for the same offence.

SUNDAY. Wm. and David Simpson, inflammatory language. Held in $2,000.

MONDAY. No arrests of consequence were made of persons connected with recent riots, but Abraham Freymire was arrested, by Constable Charles Roberts, on the charge of having set fire to the Pennsylvania Hall, in 1838, and committed to answer by Alderman Erety. The defendant has been absent from the city nearly all the time since the destruction of that building.

Hugh Develin, committed, charged with rioting in Kensington in May.

TUESDAY. John W. Smith was arrested by Hugh Cassady, the Police officer of Southwark, and carried before Judge Jones, charged with participating in the late riots in Southwark. Mr. Cassady identified him as one of the principal men engaged in directing the cannon against St. Philips church door, on the Sunday morning when Mr. Naylor was rescued. John W. Smith is the first name attached to the "Address of the Committee of Twenty," which was appointed by the crowd, on Friday night, to search the church for the concealed arms, and it is said that the prisoner is that individual. He was loitering about the vicinity of the Court House when arrested. The Police officer swears to him with great positiveness, and Judge Jones held him to bail in $13,000, to answer the charge of riot, treason and murder. He was committed in default.

George Merrick, charged with being concerned in the burning of St. Augustine. Held to answer in $2,000.

John Turner, charged with participation in the Southwark riot, and committed. An attempt was made at Spruce street wharf to rescue him.

WEDNESDAY.—Andrew McLane surrendered himself, and after a hearing, was committed, charged as accessory to the murder of the Germantown soldiers, with riot, and with misprison of treason. Bail was refused by Mayor Scott.

Joseph Black, a second hand iron dealer, was held in $5,000, charged with selling iron, &c., to the rioters. His two sons were held in $2,000 each.

REWARD.

The Philadelphia County Commissioners, on Monday night, acted with commendable despatch, in passing the following resolution:

Resolved, That the County Commissioners be and they are hereby authorized to offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the future apprehension of every person that may be convicted of using any deadly weapons, or assisting, aiding or abetting those engaged in using any deadly weapon against the civil authorities or other persons acting by their orders in the suppression of the late riots and insurrectionary movements in the District of Southwark, or elsewhere; and also a reward of one hundred dollars for the apprehension and conviction of every person in any other manner engaged in such riots and insurrectionary movements in opposition of said civil authorities or other persons acting by their orders—the said rewards to be paid upon conviction of the persons so apprehended.

THE MURDERED SOLDIERS.

The funerals of John Guyer and Henry G. Troutman, members of the Germantown Blues, who were killed in Southwark on the night of the 7th, was attended by a larger concourse of citizens than ever before followed a funeral in that town.

The Blues were in the procession in full ranks, and fired vollies over the graves of both. Mr. Guyer was buried in the morning, at the Upper Lutheran Church, and Mr. Troutman in the afternoon, at the Lower Burying Ground. It is designed to erect monuments over their remains.

CITIZENS MEETING.

On Thursday, of last week, a meeting of citizens was held at Independence Hall, at which an address was adopted, signed, and presented to Governor Porter. It thanked him in the strongest terms for his promptness, and the measures he had ordered, and paid high praise to the Sheriff and the Military, and to the men under the command. The address was very numerously signed. The Governor made an appropriate reply, declaring the presentation of the address one of the testimonials which he most valued, during a long and eventful life.

RELIEF COMMITTEE.

A committee was last week appointed, and continues its sessions in Independence Hall, to receive subscriptions for the families of those soldiers who were killed and wounded in Southwark. This call is one to which every citizen is bound to respond, according to the measure of his ability. On the first day three thousand dollars were subscribed, and the present sum is above seven thousand. There is, however, room for more, and it cannot be better applied.

POLLY BODINE.

It has been decided, we understand, to hold the next trial of Polly Bodine, accused of the murder of Mrs. Houseman, in New York city.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

At the Annual Commencement of Dickinson College, held on Thursday, July 11th, 1844, the following degrees were conferred:

The degree of A. B. on Grafton Marsh Bosley, John Davis Boswell, Henry Donnell, Jas. Merrill Follansbee, John Stansbery Gorsuch, Wm. Armstrong Graham, Ebenezer Denney Harding, Diego John Miller Loop, Perley Ray Lovejoy, Joseph Henry Martin, George Hawkins McCabe, Alfred Bronson McCalmont, Isaac Willis McCord, Thomas Brown Parker, Wm. M. Ponsoe, Samuel James Powell, Otis Henry Tiffany, members of the Senior class.

The degree of A. M. in course upon Davies E. Bruner, George G. Butler, Wm. B. Carr, George D. Commins, Henry B. Hamberger, George W. Knox, James Lesley, R. V. B. Lincoln, Benjamin M. McConkey, Thomas Edwin Massey, Arthur W. Wilby, Henry Augustus Muhlenberg, Barrister Gibson Peacock, John Henry Reed, Edward Stout, Jr., Wilson L. Spottswood, John K. Stayman, Augustus B. Tizzard, Wm. B. White and James Wallace.

The honorary degree of A. M. upon John H. Dathiel, of Baltimore, M. D.

The degree of D. D. upon Rev. Edmund S. Janes, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Thomas Jackson, of England; and the Rev. Wm. Wickes, of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE TREASURY NOTE FRAUD.

Some of the issuers of the cancelled United States Treasury Notes, have, at last, been put in the way of receiving their deserts. In the United States District Court of New Orleans on the 5th instant, Judge McCaleb passed sentence on John M. Breedlove, Marshall C. Halliday, and James B. Watson, who had been found guilty of stealing the cancelled Treasury Notes from the Custom House, or of having been privy to and participated in the theft. Breedlove, found guilty on two indictments he sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor. Halliday, found guilty on two indictments, he sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor on the one, and on the other to five days imprisonment and a fine of $25,000. Watson, found guilty on one indictment, he sentenced to ten years imprisonment at hard labor. Halliday and Watson seemed indifferent about the sentence; Breedlove, at its announcement, was deeply affected—affected even to tears.

A TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

We gave some particulars a few weeks since of the blowing up of a powder mill at Danby Four Corners, Vt., through the carelessness of some lads who obtained admission to the building, in the absence of their elders. The Boston Mercantile Journal relates a most touching incident, on the authority of a correspondent. Mr. Smith was the first to rush to the scene of ruin; he caught up the first boy he came to whose features were so disfigured as not to be readily recognized, yet alive and possessing his senses; as he was bearing him away from the scene of calamity, he said to him, "Whose boy are you?" The little sufferer looking him in the face, with tender emotion, said, "*I am your boy, pa!*" And the poor boy died in a few hours after.

THE BOSTON GRAYS.

A splendid military company, the Boston City Grays, arrived in this city on Wednesday, and were received by an escort of six of the companies of soldiers then on duty. After marching through several streets, the guests took up their quarters at the armory of the National Grays. In the afternoon Gen. Cadwalader gave them a dinner at the Museum. They are a fine body of men, and their music, the Boston Brass Band, is most eloquent.

The soldierly precision with which they went through their evolutions won high praise from the military now in the city, and from our own citizens, who are accustomed to see fine soldiery, and competent to judge.

THE FLOODS.

Our intelligence now from the West is altogether of a pleasanter character. The floods appear to be subsiding, and that too, without having done any damage much below Vicksburg. But the damage has been immense. The Vicksburg Whig, after stating that the country in the vicinity of Bachelors' Bend to the Nine Mile Reach, and for several miles below Princeton, was under water, and also that most of the plantations on Walnut Bayou, Roundaway, Brushy, Bayou Videl, as well as those upon Lakes Bruen and St. Joseph, were much injured, then goes on to estimate the loss to the States of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana at $12,000,000.

HAYTI.

Mr. G. F. Usher, U. S. Consul to Cape Haytien, arrived at New York on Sunday. He states that there was no change in the position of affairs in the Island; it was quiet, and no disturbances anticipated for the present. President Gurreirre had declared his intention to recall (as soon as he could get affairs in order) all those who had left the Island during the rebellion. Other accounts, however, doubt the ability of the Government to protect the mulattoes, their lives and property against the blacks. The latter party are far the most numerous and appear determined to exterminate all who are less than full caste.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMOIRS.

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, says that it is in contemplation to publish the correspondence of Mr. Ralph Izard, formerly a leading inhabitant of that city. The correspondence covers a period of thirty years, from 1774 to 1804. The Courier says, that from the strength and intelligence of Mr. Izard's mind, and the uncommon opportunities he possessed of observing what was going on, (particularly in Europe, before and for some time after the Revolutionary struggle began,) we feel assured that much interesting information will be gathered from the publication of his letters.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico inform us of the failure of Sentmanat's expedition, which sailed from New Orleans for Tobasco. His vessel was wrecked, his command destroyed and he was executed.

The surrender of Texas is officially reported against the War Report, and talk is made of making levies of men and money to re-invade the last province. The May instalment of the indemnity to the United States had not been paid.

ACQUITTED.

John Rider, late Postmaster of Bowling Green, Jefferson country, Ohio, was recently put upon his trial before the Circuit Court, on charges of having stolen and embezzled a letter containing money, from his office. The trial lasted two days. A large number of witnesses were examined, and a full investigation had. The jury, after an absence of a few minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty.

COMMUTED.

In a recent number of the Post, we recorded the sentence of a lad in Charlestown, Mass., to imprisonment for life, for setting fire to a school-house, in the night time. The Governor of Massachusetts, has commuted his punishment to three years in the House of Correction. The law left the Judge no choice or discretion, but to pass the sentence as recorded.

GOV. WILLIAMSON.

The funeral of ex-Governor Williamson, of New Jersey, on Friday week, was attended by the following distinguished persons, as pall-bearers, viz: Elias Vanarsdale, Sen., Theodore Frelinghuysen, Joseph C. Hornblower, Peter D. Vroom, Daniel Haines and W. Chetwood.

EX PRESIDENT JACKSON.

We perceive by the papers that Ex President Jackson was in health sufficient to receive a visit from the Nashville Blues, on the 4th instant. The iron frame of the veteran bears up well against age and infirmity.

LOUISIANA.

The returns are not yet sufficiently definite to speak with certainty. It is said that in the second district the Whig candidate has been elected; in the others the Democrats. The Legislature will be a close one.

SUDDEN DEATH.

It is stated that a member of the Louisiana State Convention, elected from Baton Rouge, died on hearing the successful result of the balloting for him.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, June 20, 1844.

The newspapers will inform you fully as to the grand doings in London, and also at the Royal residence at Windsor, in honor of the visit of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias. It will then, be unnecessary for me to say a word in relation to the festivities; but there is a great deal of tittle-tattle as to the political conversations said to have been held between the Emperor and Sir Robert Peel, at which, *on dit*, both were animated, if not excited. Some say that a closer intimacy between Russia and France was talked of—I mean a fuller recognition of Louis Philippe, as one of the great family of Sovereigns. This, it appears, is important at this moment, as a Congress of European Sovereigns is shortly to be held, where it is presumed that the affairs of the East will occupy a large share of regal attention. It is believed, too, that affairs on your side the Atlantic, are subjects of international comment—particularly in relation to Mexico and Texas. But as I never touch upon politics, I content myself with merely naming the political rumors of the day. The Emperor is a man of noble and majestic presence, and the London papers say that the acts of tyranny attributed to him, generally speaking, are untrue—adding that, considered with reference to laws, manners and customs of Russia, they are entirely so. While here, he paid great attention to the Duke of Wellington. They were much together, and wherever seen, were welcomed with cheers and acclamations. How fleeting and varying is popular feeling. Only a few years ago, the "Iron Duke" was hissed in the streets of London—and now, he is cheered every where, and almost by every body. When the Emperor left the Thames, *en route* for his dominions, his donations were truly princely and munificent—paid chiefly out of the pockets of the people! But that little fact is quite *entre nous*—therefore, do not say too much about it in your Republic. I subjoin a few of his donations.

To the	Nelson Monument	£500
"	Wellington do.	500
"	Poor of St. George's Parish	210
"	New German Hospital	100
"	Society for Relieving Foreigners in Distress	1,050
"	Ascot Races	500
"	Crews of "Black Eagle" and "Lightning" steamers	500
	And to court officers, domestics, laborers, dockyard officers, different poor persons, &c., about	2,000

All the above, too, besides gold and jewelled snuff-boxes, rings, &c. In short, his liberality was on the grandest scale. When the Emperor was inspecting the Guard of Honor, at the Castle, he is reported to have said—"Although I have no troops like these—such as I have, will ever be at your Majesty's service." On another occasion, he said to the Duke of Wellington, when reviewing the 47th regiment and the 17th Lancers—both of which he reviewed and examined very minutely—"Although your Guards are very noble looking troops, I look with more interest on the sort of soldiers who gained the recent victories in India and China." The Emperor ordered a great number of rich and valuable articles of manufacture, to be sent to St. Petersburg, from different tradesmen of London. This Imperial visit, as well as the peculiar manner in which it was made, was certainly a high compliment to the Queen; while the Emperor's arriving and travelling without escort, was also a high mark of confidence in the English people. As for the King of Saxony, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, why they are travelling here, there and every where—examining the scenery and manufactures of the United Kingdom. The French Court has gone into mourning for H. R. H. the Duke of Angouleme, of the old Bourbon dynasty—a sign, it is said, that Louis Philippe is doing all he can to show other Powers, his respect for *legitimate* Royalty. And now, I think, I have given you a pretty good dish of chit-chat about the sayings and doings of the so-called magnates of the earth.

There is but little of novelty in the fashions since I last wrote; but I quote the following Paris letter, descriptive of Promenade costume. "Robe of silk, dead leaf color; corsage very open, shewing a lace chemisette; sleeves a la Louis XIII., open half way up the arm, shewing a very full under sleeve, Spanish mantilla of black lace very long and full. Bonnet of *paille d' Italie*, trimmed with sky-blue." Really, on a pretty woman, such a dress must be graceful and becoming.

Now, only think, you free Republicans!—there are nearly 1,200 officers employed in the Police of Paris; and as for spies, secret agents, &c., they are innumerable. But with all this, Louis Philippe is the favorite of the middle classes. They wish for no change, no tumult—and they, in reality, are the best bulwark of his throne. The wealthy English in Paris, are subject to exorbitant charges from medical men. About a fortnight since, a lady, the relation of the British Premier, was charged by a surgeon in Paris 15,000 francs, for a brief attendance. It was evidently an imposition, and on a friend negotiating, the son of Esculapius was contented with only 500 francs. *O tempora—O mores!*

The iron workers of England are now receiving 3s. 6d. per day for labor—a capital remuneration, and the iron trade generally is brisk. A late Liverpool paper gives an account of nine barrels of rosin having been imported into Liverpool from Philadelphia. On examination, they were found to be tin cases filled with tobacco, and merely coated with rosin. The party concerned has left Liverpool, quickened in his flight, perhaps, by the fact that nine other barrels are suspected.

At Damascus, a regular conspiracy has been discovered to massacre the Turks. A number of Arabs were in the plot, and the ringleaders are in gaol. At Cairo, Egypt, the Sohah Soliman Beddreddin has been hung, for concealing several Fellahs, who had been ordered to return to their native villages. Arif Bey, another high magistrate of Egypt, has been sent to the galleys for extortion. These things shew that Ibrahim Pacha is not to be trifled with. I observe in Lieut. Greenwood's account of the Affghan War, a young Affghan was observed hacking off the head of a dead color-sergeant. "What a barbarous savage!" exclaimed a soldier who was near, and who coolly took the young Affghan on his bayonet and threw him over a cliff. Which was the greater barbarian of the two?

The King of Prussia has created a Board of Commerce, and placed M. Roene, formerly his Minister in the United States, at its head. Jenny Lutzer, the celebrated singer in the Imperial Theatre, at Vienna, has married Dingelstadt, the poet. She has left the stage, and the Emperor, to show his approbation of her, has actually made her an Aulic counsellor! No less a sum than £300,000 has been collected for the Free Church of Scotland. *Apropos* of churches, I have recently met with an official return which cannot fail to prove interesting in your Quaker City. It shows that from the beginning of the eighteenth century, down to the present time, (143 years,) the "Society of Friends," called Quakers of England, have paid £1,078,075 for Church Rates. The amount paid by them from 1840 to 1843, was £52,200.

It may not be out of place here to mention, that the Lords of the Admiralty have recently ordered an examination of mercantile steam-ships to be made, with a view of ascertaining how many could be rendered available instantly for naval war, should any emergency arise. It seems that one company alone, the General Steam Navigation Company, could supply forty-eight sea-going war steamers, which would be armed with Paixhan cannon, and other heavy guns, at a few days notice. Indeed, depots are to be made near each of the great ports. The steam-frigates and sloops in the English Navy are 125—79 in commission; and it is believed that the Mercantile Marine would produce a steam-force of 500 or 600. But why these tremendous preparations? At this moment a steam line-of-battle ship is ready for launching, to be called the "Terrible," and the largest in the Navy. It will be moved by eight hundred horse power. People are really at a loss to know the reason of all this arming. I perceive that the Turkish Navy is increasing. At present it numbers

15 Ships of the Line
16 Frigates.
8 Corvettes.
11 Brigs.
5 Sloops.
11 War Steamers.

It is very possible that this tolerably powerful Navy of the Sultan, has attracted the attention of Russia, France and England—and that it formed one of the topics of political conversation between the Emperor and Sir Robert Peel.

Army & Navy.

U. S. ARMY.

The following official document presents the charges, promotions, &c., which have occurred in the army of the United States, since the 1st of January last. A portion of the facts embraced have been published at different times in the Post; but we give this connected and official statement as interesting to many of our readers in every state in the Union.

I. PROMOTIONS.—*Second Regiment of Artillery.*—Second Lieut. William A. Nichols, to be First Lieutenant, June 1, 1844, vice Pitkin, resigned.

Brevet 2d Lieut. David Gibson, of the Third Artillery, to be Second Lieutenant, June 1, 1844, vice Nichols, promoted.

Third Regiment of Artillery.—Brevet First Lieut. George H. Thomas, to be First Lieutenant, April 30, 1844, vice Ketchum, resigned.

Second Lieut. Horace B. Field, to be First Lieutenant, June 27, 1844, vice Fraser, deceased.

Brevet Second Lieut. John Hillhouse, of the Fourth Artillery, to be Second Lieutenant, April 30, 1844, vice Thomas, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles L. Kilburn, to be Second Lieutenant, June 27, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

First Regiment of Infantry.—Second Lieut. Garrett Barry, to be First Lieutenant, January 31, 1844, vice Coxe, resigned.

Second Lieut. George W. Wallace, to be First Lieutenant, March 1, 1844, vice Muse, resigned.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles D. Jordan, of the Eighth Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, January 31, 1844, vice Barry, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Eugene E. McLean, of the Second Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 1, 1844, vice Wallace, promoted.

Second Regiment of Infantry.—Brevet Second Lieut. James W. Schureman, of the Seventh Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, January 25, 1844, vice Hoffman, deceased.

Third Regiment of Infantry.—First Lieut. George P. Field, to be Captain, February 29, 1844, vice Wheeler, resigned.

Second Lieut. Bushrod R. Johnson, to be First Lieutenant, February 29, 1844, vice Field, promoted.

Brevet Second Lieut. Andrew J. Williamson, of the Fourth Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, Feb. 29, 1844, vice Johnson, promoted.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry.—Second Lieut. Lewis A. Armistead, to be First Lieutenant, March 30, 1844, vice Edes, deceased.

Brevet Second Lieut. Charles T. Baker, of the Third Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 30, 1844, vice Armistead, promoted.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry.—Second Lieut. Chas. Hanson, to be First Lieutenant, March 16, 1844, vice Baker, cashiered.

Brevet Second Lieut. Lafayette McLaws, of the Sixth Infantry, to be Second Lieutenant, March 16, 1844, vice Hanson, promoted.

Brevets.—Lieut. Col. Bennet Riley, of the Second Regiment of Infantry, to be Colonel by Brevet, "for long, meritorious and gallant services, to take rank as such from the 2d day of June, 1840, the day on which was fought the Battle of Chokachatta, in Florida, in which he particularly distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct."

Captain John B. Abercrombie, of the First Regiment of Infantry, to be Major by Brevet, "for gallant and meritorious services in Florida, to rank as such from the 25th of December, 1837, the day on which was fought the battle of Okeechobee, on which occasion 'he acted,' in the language of Commander, Brevet Brigadier General Taylor, 'with the greatest gallantry and coolness.'"

II. APPOINTMENTS.—*Medical Department.*—Assistant Surgeon Joseph J. B. Wright, to be Surgeon, March 26, 1844, vice Macomb, deceased. George Buist of South Carolina, (late Assistant Surgeon,) to be Assistant Surgeon, June 5, 1844. *Ordnance Department.*—Richard J. R. Bee, of Georgia, to be Military Store-Keeper, April 4, 1844. *Transfers.*—Captain John C. Casey, of the 2d Artillery, to the Third Infantry, to take place on the Army Register next below Captain Van Horn; Captain Henry Swartwout, of the 3d Infantry, to the 2d Artillery, to take place on the Army Register next below Captain Grayson; Second Lieut. Cyrus Hall, of the 8th Infantry to the 1st Infantry, to take place on the Army Register next below Lieut. Denman; Second Lieut. Charles D. Jordan, of the 1st Infantry, to the 8th Infantry, to take place on the Army Register next below Lieutenant Clark.

III. The following named Cadets, graduates of the Military Academy, are attached to the Army and supernumerary officers, with the Brevet of Second Lieutenant, in conformity with the law and the direction of the President, to take rank from July 1, 1844:—

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANTS ATTACHED TO THE CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.

Rank.		Comp'y & Regt.
1.	Cadet William G. Peck, of Connecticut.	

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANTS ATTACHED TO THE DRAGOON ARM.

2.	Cadet Jos. H. Whittlesey, N. Y.	D 2d Drags.
7.	Cadet Alfred Pleasanton, of the District of Columbia,	B 1st Drags.
9.	Cadet Augustus Cook, Kentucky,	K 2d Drags.
10.	Cadet John Y. Bicknell, Tennessee,	I 2d Drags.

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANTS ATTACHED TO THE ARTILLERY ARM.

3.	Cadet Samuel Gill, Kentucky,	B 4th Art.
4.	Cadet Daniel M. Frost, New York,	K 1st Art.
5.	Cadet Asher R. Eddy, Rhode Island,	K 1st Art.
6.	Cadet Francis J. Thomas, Maryland,	C 3d Art.
8.	Cadet Thos. J. Curd, Kentucky,	C 1st Art.

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANTS ATTACHED TO THE INFANTRY ARM.

11.	Cadet Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky	I 2d Inf.
12.	Cadet John Trevitt, Ohio,	H 3d Inf.
13.	Cadet Erastus B. Strong, Arkansas,	B 7th Inf.
15.	Cadet Wm. D. Burwell, Virginia,	C 6th Inf.
16.	Cadet Wm. Read, Delaware,	D 6th Inf.
17.	Cadet James S. Woods, Pennsylvania,	A 4th Inf.
18.	Cadet Winfield S. Hancock, Pennsylvania,	H 6th Inf.
19.	Cadet James M. Henry, of the District of Columbia,	K 7th Inf.
20.	Cadet Alex. Hays, Pennsylvania,	K 4th Inf.
21.	Cadet George Wainwright, Massachusetts,	F 8th Inf.
22.	Cadet Henry B. Schroeder, Maryland,	B 3d Inf.
23.	Cadet Jos. Smith, New Hampshire,	G 5th Inf.
24.	Cadet John J. C. Bibb, Kentucky,	D 3d Inf.
25.	Cadet George W. Hawkins, North Carolina,	D 1st Inf.

The foregoing assignments to Regiments and Companies will be regarded as a temporary arrangement, necessary for the convenience of the service. Vacancies will be filled according to seniority in the particular *arm*, in conformity with the established rule.

IV.—CASUALTIES.—*Resignations* (6).—Captain Otis Wheeler, 3d Infantry, February 29, 1844; First Lieut. James M. Ketchum, 3d Artillery, April 30, 1844; First Lieut. Samuel E. Muse, 1st Infantry, March 1, 1844; First Lieut. Ferdinand Coxe, 1st Infantry, January 31, 1844; First Lieut. Lucius Pitkin, 2d Artillery, June 1, 1844; Brevet 2d Lieut. Smith Stansbury, Ordnance Department, May 31, 1844. *Deaths* (4).—First Lieut. Wm. Fraser, 3d Art. at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1844; First Lieut. B. C. Edes, 6th Infantry at Key West, Fa., March 30, 1844; Second Lieut. A. T. Hoffman, 2d Inf. at St. Augustine, Fa., June 25, 1844; Surgeon Edward Macomb, at Fort Monroe, Va., March 25, 1844. V.—The officers promoted and appointed will join their proper stations and companies without delay; those on detached service, or acting under special instructions, will report by letter, to the commanding officers of their respective regiments. VI.—The usual leave of absence allowed by the Regulations is hereby granted to the several graduates; at the expiration of which, (September 30th,) they will join their proper stations and companies. VII.—Acceptances or non-acceptances of appointments will be reported to the Adjutant General of the Army; and in case of acceptance, the birth-place of the persons appointed will be stated.

VIII.—CORRECTION.—Made by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—Captain Frederick Searle, of the Quartermaster's Department, to be Major by brevet, "for gallantry and good conduct on several occasions in the war against the Florida Indians, to date from November 25, 1839."

The above is a substitute for the announcement made in "General Orders," No. 56, of 1842. R. JONES.

AFTER ORDER.—1. So much of "General Orders," No. 46, of 1841, having reference to the detail of subalterns for the four companies of Light Artillery, as requires the First Lieutenants to be annually relieved, is hereby rescinded; and they will, in future, be attached to those companies in the same manner as the First Lieutenants of the other Artillery companies.

2.—The respective Colonels will accordingly select the First Lieutenants who are to be permanently assigned to the light companies, so that the arrangement may take effect after the 30th of September next.

3.—The brevet Second Lieutenants now attached to the light artillery companies, will be transferred to other companies, after the first of October, when they will be relieved by other brevet Second Lieutenants, so that the complement, including the graduates of this year, will be two for each light company.

R. JONES, *Adjutant General.*

MEMORANDUM.—The name of Arnold E. Jones, a First Lieutenant in the 2d Regiment of Artillery, having been changed by the Legislature of the State of Maryland to Arnold Elzey, he will hereafter be known and recognized in the army accordingly.

THE GRAMPUS.—The subscriptions received for the relief of the widows and children of the officers, seamen, and marines, lost in the U. S. schooner Grampus, amount to $7,151. A partial distribution has been made, and the balance has been deposited in the Bank of the Metropolis, at Washington, for final distribution.

U. S. DAY DOCK.—The Secretary of the Navy, J. Y. Mason, accompanied by Commodore Warrington, arrived in New York on Friday week, to give his personal attention to the various plans for constructing a Dry Dock at that Naval Station.

☞ On Monday, John T. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, and Commodore Warrington, visited the Navy Yard, in this County, and were received with national honors.

☞ The sloop of war Preble, is ordered to be fitted out immediately, for service on the Coast of Africa.

☞ The United States Frigate Potomac, arrived at Pensacola on the 5th instant, from Vera Cruz.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The annual commencement exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, were held on Monday morning, in the spacious saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. It was filled to overflowing at an early hour; and, as usual, the character of the audience testified the sympathy of youth for youth, and of beauty for those who are entering upon a laborious field of competition for the rewards of learning, the meed of genius, and the crown of industry. Previous to the entrance of the students, the weariness of expectation was beguiled away by the exercises of the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. B. C. Cross.

At length the procession entered, preceded by the Provost, and took their stations, the Alumni and Graduates on the platform, and the junior students on the front seats among the audience, which had been reserved for them.

After a fervent Prayer by the Provost, the exercises proceeded in the following order.

Greek Salutary Oration, by George F. Miller.

"The Progress of Knowledge," John B. Gest; "Sublimity of Inspiration," John M. Richards.

"The French Revolution," Robert W. Leaming; "Pleasures of Early Recollections," D. Niles Freeland.

"The Poetry of Thought and Feeling," S. Moore Shute.

"The slow advance of Truth," E. E. Wilson; "The Bible," James Suddards.

"Characteristics of the Age," Andrew H. Manderson; "The Ideal," Daniel Lord.

The exercises of the students were, as is usual, alternated by music from the choir. The young gentlemen acquitted themselves in a manner which testified to the earnest and careful preparation which they had bestowed upon their themes; and the style of the orations had all the freshness which usually marks first efforts, and all the care of diction and studied ornaments of style, sometimes too lavishly bestowed, which mark commencement exercises. We have not space to notice each performance, and therefore forbear to particularise. Much is due to a happy subject, oftentimes, in the reception which an audience gives a speaker. To mention the fact, that a particular performance was loudly applauded, might do incidental injustice to others, unless the reporter go into an elaborate notice of all the circumstances and incidents of the occasion. Few of the grave old men, now filling high civil and religious trusts, would be willing to redeliver their commencement orations, with whatever favor those exercises may have been received when pronounced.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following Members of the Senior Class:—Charles C. Brock, James S. Fenton, D. Niles Freeland, John B. Gest, Thomas W. Greenbank, H. Cooper Hanson, John M. Heyberger, Daniel Kendig, George M. Lamb, Robert W. Leaming, Daniel Lord, Andrew H. Manderson, Alexander McKinley, George F. Miller, Joel B. Reynolds, John M. Richards, James G. Shinn, S. Moore Shute, James Suddards, Elias E. Wilson.

The Degree of Master of Arts, was conferred on the following Graduates of three years standing:—Samuel K. Ashton, M. D., Wm. H. Beck, Benjamin Markley Boyer, Frederick C. Brewster, James F. Brown, Edmund Byerly, Andrew J. Catherwood, R. Ralston Cox, Agnew Crawford, Henry A. De France, Richard B. Duane, Gabriel B. Duval, James R. Ford, Samuel M. Fox, Robert P. Harris, M. D., Edwin Hewson, Horatio G. Jones, Wm. E. Lehman, Joseph P. Lestrade, Edward R. Mayer, M. D., John H. B. McClellan, M. D., John McKibbin, Wm. D. McLeod, Henry S. Osborne, Francis E. Patterson, Wm. H. Rawle, Benjamin R. Reath, Joseph H. Smith, Jr., Howard Spencer, Morton Stille, M. D., Alfred B. Taylor, Richard A. Tilghman, Edward C. Willing.

The Degree of Doctor of Medicine, was conferred on Samuel R. McClintock, Philadelphia; Owen Badger Savage, North Carolina; Grayson M. Prevost, Philadelphia; Joseph C. Boardman, Connecticut; Edwin Hansford, Mississippi; Thomas E. Lawton, South Carolina.

HONORARY DEGREES.—The Degree of Doctor of Divinity, was conferred on the Rev. Henry J. Morton, of Philadelphia.

The Honorary Degree of Master of Arts, was conferred upon the Rev. Wm. H. Rees, John C. Cresson, Joseph Saxton, Martin H. Boye, M. D.

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Medicine, was conferred upon Dr. Nathaniel T. Green, of Danville, Virginia; Dr. O. E. Hambleton, of Pittsylvania County Virginia.

Then followed the Valedictory Oration, by Mr. J. G. Shinn.

The orator acquitted himself exceedingly well. The disadvantage attending the weariness of the auditory when the time for the Valedictory arrives, is well compensated for by the general theme, and the privilege of introducing incidentals almost at the free will of the speaker. Mr. Shinn made many beautiful points. In his farewell to the faculty and the students, he was affectionate and touching, and the advice given to his classmates was such as we hope neither speaker nor hearer will ever forget.

MURDERS.

The papers of the past week bring us accounts of two murders, attended with more than the usual aggravating circumstances. One was that of a young and virtuous unmarried woman in New Orleans, named Catharine O'Brien. Overtures were made to her of a dishonorable character, by a man named Bond, formerly of Baltimore, and her refusal to comply was followed by her death at his hand. Bond was a married man, and Miss O'Brien with her mother resided in his family, until the mother thought the man entirely too attentive; though not suspecting of a deliberate attention to do wrong, or purpose it. As a matter of prudence, however, she removed from his house.

On a subsequent day Bond invited Miss O'Brien to accompany him and a Miss Cummings on a pleasure excursion to the Lake. In returning, the driver heard the gentleman complain of illness, saying that it affected him unpleasantly to ride backwards. Accordingly he changed seats with one of the females, both of whom till then had been on a back seat. Immediately thereafter the driver heard the report of a pistol, when one of the females, Miss Cummings, jumped from the coach. The other, Miss O'Brien, was shot dead through the breast. The horses had taken fright at the report of the pistol and the shrieks of the women, and ran off. As soon as the driver could check them, he turned and saw the man inside, with his pistol pointed to his mouth as if to blow his own head off. Seeing that he was observed, he turned the pistol upon the driver, who at once sprang from the box. The murderer then leaped out himself and fled into the woods. The driver heard him twice discharge his pistol, with a view to commit suicide, or to induce the impression that he done so. The woman who sprang from the carriage was severely bruised only; it was at first reported that she had broken a limb.

Upon getting to the woods Bond committed suicide by shooting himself. Miss O'Brein was to have been married in a few days, and is spoken of in high terms by all the witnesses. It required a great deal of persuasion from intriguing go-betweens to persuade her to ride with him; and it is generally believed, she being but seventeen that he made no overtures in plain terms until the day of the ride. Then he tried to persuade her to elope with him; and on her refusal the murder followed.

The other murder case is the cruel death at Hoboken, near New York, of a German, aged about 30, whose name was A. G. Martin. His body was found in a thicket, under large stones. It had received three frightful wounds of a knife, or dagger near the left shoulder, two stabs on the left breast, and a pistol shot wound on the left breast just below the nipple. The deceased, it appears, arrived in this country but about two weeks since from the village of Heide in Holstein, Lower Saxony, Denmark, and had brought with him several trunks of valuable clothing, merchandize, &c., and was supposed to have considerable money in his possession, as well as a valuable gold watch and heavy chain that he usually carried about him. A young man, named Moggar, also a German, has been arrested and committed for the murder, under very strong circumstantial evidence. He had been much in company with the deceased; and is fully committed for trial.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TWELVE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Hibernia, at Boston, we have intelligence from Liverpool twelve days later than that received by the Great Western. The intelligence is not of much interest.

Preparations were made to telegraph the intelligence of the Queen's health from Windsor Castle to London, on the occurrence of a certain event daily expected.

The stock of cotton in Liverpool on the week previous to the departure of the steamer was 924,700 bales, the largest ever known. Prices remained firm, and the demand steady. Sea Island was quoted at 13½ to 20d;—other qualities 4 to 6½d.

Nothing of importance had occurred in Parliament, except the appointment of a committee to investigate the charge that a system of espionage prevails in the British Post Office. The discoveries of the committee are not to be made public.

Incendiary fires still continued in Norfolk and Suffolk.

The big iron steamer Great Britain had not yet been got out of the dock at Bristol.

Sunday, the 28th of July, has been appointed as a day of fasting, by the Irish Catholic Clergy, for the imprisonment of O'Connell. The receipts of rent for each of the four weeks since Mr. O'C.'s imprisonment, average a little more than £3,000.

Lord Heytesbury has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The overland Mail from India, had arrived. The demand for British goods for the East had somewhat abated. "American domestics" were quoted in the price currents.

The French troops had had a brush with the soldiers of Morocco, near the borders of Algeria, and the loss of the African Army was more than 300, while the French lost 6 only killed, and had 30 wounded.

The Prince de Joinville had sailed from Toulon, with three ships of the line.

The difficulties between France and Morocco had been nearly adjusted by treaty, and there was no danger of war.

Domiciliary visits have been made by the French police to several of the Carlist noblemen. Nothing resulted from this, however.

The steamer Manchester was lost at the mouth of the Elbe, on the 17th June, with all her crew and her passengers, about 8 in number.

Charles Dickens is now on a tour in Italy.

ENGLISH SALARIES.

The following list of salaries may well stagger plain republicans. Beside the sums here set down, it is also to be remembered that there are very many offices in Britain which are completely sinecures, the incumbents receiving their salaries, and making not even the shadow of service of any kind in return. Beside these sinecures, many officers, when they retire from duty, go out on a pension. Doubtless many of the holders of the offices to which the salaries below mentioned are annexed, are also in the receipt of pensions for former offices or of salaries for sinecures. The "privy purse" of the crown covers also a great many annuities, gratuities, and expenses of that sort. The baby Prince of Wales has rather more than the effigy of a court, all receiving salaries; and as there are many presentations of various sorts in the Prince's gift, we hear not unfrequently of the ridiculous mockery of appointments made by this same said Prince of Wales, now between three and four years of age. But to the list:

First Lord of the Treasury (Premier) 6,000*l.* per annum; Secretary of State for the Home Department, 5,000*l.*; ditto for Foreign Affairs, 5,000*l.*; ditto for the Colonies, 5,000*l.*; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 5,000*l.*; First Lord of the Admiralty, 4,500*l.*; President of the Board of Control, 3,500*l.*; ditto Board of Trade, 2,000*l.*; Secretary at War, 2,580*l.*; Lord President of the Council, 2,000*l.*; Lord Privy Seal, 2,000*l.*; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 4,000*l.*; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 5,500*l.*; Paymaster-General and Treasurer of the Navy, 3,000*l.*; Master-General of the Ordnance, 3,500*l.*; Postmaster-General, 2,500*l.*; Master of the Mint, 2,000*l.*; Master of the Horse, 2,000*l.*; Judge-Advocate-General, 2,000*l.*; Commander-in-Chief of the Army, 3,460*l.*, per annum.

Salaries of the Law Officers.—Lord High Chancellor of England, 14,000*l.*; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 8,000*l.*; Master of the Rolls, 7,000*l.*; Chief Vice-Chancellor of England, 6,000*l.*; Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, 8,100*l.*; the other Judges, 5,000*l.*; Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, 8,000*l.*; the other Judges of ditto, 5,000*l.*; Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 7,000*l.*; the other Barons, 5,000*l.* to 5,500*l.* each; the Attorney-General, 5,500*l.*; Solicitor-General, 1,600*l.* per annum.

Local Intelligence.

SMITH'S ISLAND.

Those who wish a good bath or a cool retreat from the city's warmth, cannot do better than pay a visit to Smith's Island. The place has been admirably fitted out, is kept in good order, and is convenient of access, the steamboat John Smith plying to it every quarter of an hour daily, from the wharf below Chesnut street.

☞ Died, in Camden, N. J., by accidental drowning, Edward Cook, aged 12, son of Mr. Samuel Cook, of this city. Gentle, obedient, a dutiful son, an attentive and studious pupil,—beloved by his companions,—respected by his seniors for manly virtues beyond his years, and admired by all for the graces which mark those who seek peace and ensue it, his friends feel that to him sudden death was but sudden deliverance. He has gone from an uncertain world to a certain realization of the words of him who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

CHARGED WITH ARSON.—A man named Abraham Frymeyer was taken before Alderman Erety, on Monday evening, on the charge of setting fire to the Pennsylvania Hall, in the year 1838. In a conversation with a young woman named Martha I. Addis, some five or six weeks ago, on the subject of the Kensington riots, he told her that he broke the gas pipes with a club, and applied a torch. He was committed to prison to answer the charge of arson.

DEATH OF ANOTHER OF THE WOUNDED.—The Coroner on Saturday held an inquest at the Hospital, on the body of Elijah Jester, 38 years of age, who was wounded on Sunday night in the throat, at the riot in Southwark. The jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a gun-shot wound, inflicted by some person unknown.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.—The closing exercises of the summer term, took place on Saturday. Twenty-nine of the pupils received certificates of having completed the course of study required in the Institution. Of these, 16 were in the four years' course, and 13 in the two years' course.

KENSINGTON RIOTERS.—*Arrest of one of Them.*—Hugh Devlin, charged as a principal in the Kensington riot, was on Monday arrested, through the efforts of John McManus, and taken before Alderman Boileau, who committed him, in default of $2,000 bail.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire about daybreak, on Monday morning, was caused by the burning of a new brick building, at the corner of Eighth and Coates' streets. It was the work of an incendiary.

☞ The damages done to the Church of St. Philip de Neri, have been mostly repaired. They are estimated at about $250. The congregation worshipped there on Sunday last.

General News.

SINGULAR.—The Norwalk, Ohio, Expositor of July 3d, states, that on the Wednesday previous, a well on the premises of Mr. Jacob Stevens, in Lyme, Ohio, commenced overflowing and still continues with undiminished force. It is estimated that the discharge is at least sixty hogsheads per minute! The water is cold and very clear. We learn that the well has been dug and used for many years. To enable our readers to judge something of the projectile force of the water, it is said that good sized stones thrown into the well are quickly ejected. The redundancy of water, overflowing the adjoining land, is doing much damage to the crops in the vicinity.

☞ The suit brought by the United States against Pomeroy & Co., for carring mail matter by private express, terminated on Thursday week, in favor of the defendants. The case was tried at Utica before Judge Conkling. The Judge charged, as the jury found, that the Messrs. Pomeroy had not committed any breach of the law. In view of these decisions, it will be about as well to let the private mails alone, until the law is so altered as to admit conviction under it.

☞ The Quincy Granite Railroad Company quarried, last week, one of the largest stones ever moved at Quincy, or probably at any other quarry. Average dimension, 50 feet long, 25 deep, making 35,000 cubic feet; weight of the stone, 3,181 tons, allowing 11 feet to the ton. This huge mass was moved on its bed by gunpowder. The blast-hole was 20 feet deep, and 4½ inches in diameter. Four casks of powder were used in the operation.

HOARSENESS.—One drachm of freshly scraped horseradish root, to be infused with four ounces of water in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup, with double its weight in vinegar, is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonful has often proved effectual; a few teaspoonful, it is said, has never been known to fail in removing hoarseness. Add a sirloin steak to the radish, and the medicine will become very pleasant, indeed.

DEATHS FROM THE HEAT.—The German laborers employed on the hill side near Cincinnati, find the heat of the sun too powerful for them. Five or six have died from its effects within a few days. Six deaths from excessive heat in New Orleans on the 8th inst. A member of the Louisiana Fusileers died on the 4th very suddenly. He was taken ill while marching in the sun, and died before he could be taken home.

☞ On an evening last week, in Albany, N. Y., a little girl, about six years of age, while playing alone in a room, in the second story of a house in Broad street, approached the window, and, leaning out into the street, lost her balance, and was only saved from a horrible death by the sash falling upon her legs, which held her securely until rescued from her perilous situation.

☞ Two young men, named John W. Frazier and Isaac Harrison, were badly injured by the premature discharge of an iron swivel, at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, while they were firing a salute on the 4th of July. Frazier had his left arm amputated and a portion of his right hand, and is thus rendered a cripple for life. Harrison had one of his hands amputated.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—The Louisville Courier of the 8th says: "The scamp who robbed the bank at Madison, Ia., of $27,000, some time since, was arrested at New Orleans, the other day. He was brought up on Saturday, on the James Howett, and was immediately taken to Madison. We have not heard whether the money was recovered or not.

FIRE IN LOWELL.—There was a destructive fire in Lowell, on Monday week, the loss from which is estimated at $10,000, and by which from fifteen to twenty families were left without shelter. It broke out in a stable in Union street, Chapel Hill, owned by Mr. A. F. Dyer, and extended towards Central street and Gorham street.

☞ Washington City is now entired deserted by the members of Congress, who lately sat there in the halls of Congress. John Quincy Adams, the last of the number, has left on his way to Massachusetts. President Tyler, and his lady, left Washington on Wednesday morning week, on a visit to Virginia for a few weeks.

☞ Prairie grown wool, to the amount of thirty bales, arrived at St. Louis a week since. Attention is being turned to the growing of wool as a staple of Western traffic. The natural growth upon their unoultivated prairies, it is estimated, will be sufficient to sustain thirty millions of sheep.

☞ A tailor, named Grimes, who keeps a small shop in Buffalo, narrowly escaped death, on Tuesday week, from a pistol shot fired by a neighbor, who, suspicious of his wife, watched her and saw her go into Grimes's shop just after dinner. The jealous assailant was immediately secured.

JOE SMITH'S SUCCESSOR.—A new Prophet, it is whispered, has been selected—a Dr. Richards, formerly of Berkshire County, in Massachusetts. He is said to be a man of some talent, with a good deal of shrewdness and tact. The announcement will be made in a few days.

THE COAL TRADE.—The shipments from Lehigh amount to 12,100 tons for the week ending on the 29th inst. Total, 114,688.

On the Reading Railroad have been transported, this season, 174,779-19. On the Canal, 148,540-04. Total, 323,320-03.

DEATH FROM LOCKJAW.—William James Tully, formerly an enterprising merchant of Newport, R. I., died of lockjaw a few days since, produced by a fracture of a leg occasioned by the fall of a horse on which he was riding on his farm at Middletown.

ANOTHER MURDER.—A woman named Sarah Smith, of 189 Leonard street, New York, was arrested in that city on Saturday, on a charge of killing a man named John Ewing, a rag picker, by striking him on the head with the blunt side of an axe.

HEAVY VERDICT.—Mr. Philo N. Rust, has obtained a verdict, in Syracuse, N. Y., against James Watson Webb, Esq., for a libel published in the Courier, relative to the Pomeroy trunk robbery, of *seven thousand three hundred dollars.*

☞ The New York Aurora says, last week, a large quantity of gold bronze, probably about $1,500 worth, and some counterfeiting apparatus, was found in the possession of certain parties who were taken into custody.

☞ A woman, named Polly Stanfield, who was called as a witness at the Buffalo, (N. Y.) Police Office, the other day, testified that she was born in that city in 1784, and is said to be the first white person born there.

☞ Fourteen sheep, belonging to Mr. Alexander Day, of Ireland Parish, West Springfield, Mass., and a lad in his employ, were killed by lightning on Saturday last. They were found dead near a small oak tree.

☞ The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat says there was a fight between the men of two canal boats at Olyde, Wayne county, last week, in which one person was killed, and two or three dangerously wounded.

☞ Charles Greenleaf, convicted in Boston of the murder of German, has been sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, and confinement at hard labor in the State Prison for three years.

☞ Nearly 5,000 bales, or 1,123,500 lbs. of American Hemp were received at Boston, from New Orleans, during the six months ending on the 1st inst.

☞ The St. Augustine News of the 6th inst., says:—"We have been shown a specimen of gum myrrh, recently discovered in Alachua County. The market is supplied from Turkey and the East. We may hope that Florida will now come in and supply the demand."

☞ L. C. Hornsby, convicted some time since of manslaughter, in killing Col. Twogood, was on the 30th ult., sentenced to five years hard labor in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution. He appealed to the Court of Errors.

☞ The Annual Report of the Eastern Railroad Company of Massachusetts, just published, states as the results of the year's operations a dividend to the stockholders of seven per cent., and an addition of $22,744 to the surplus fund.

☞ Texas bonds are quoted in the New Orleans papers at *twelve cents in the dollar*—Texas Treasury notes at *seven and a half cents in the dollar!*

☞ The French papers cannot print the name of Frelinghuysen; and they call Polk *Polque, Polke, Pulque,* and finally *Polka.*

☞ A large number of sharks have been seen in Boston harbor lately, and a shoal of whales off Newport.

☞ Two millions of dollars worth of hogs, cattle, and sheep, are sold annually, in Brighton, near Boston.

☞ The murderer of Dr. Hagan, Daniel W. Adams, has been tried and acquitted at Vicksburg, Miss.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ A splendid and costly church is now in progress of construction, at the corner of University Place and Chapel street, New York, intended for the Rev. Dr. Potts and his new congregation.

☞ The foundation of a new Jewish Synagogue, and of a new Methodist Episcopal Church, are being laid in Baltimore.

☞ Gov. Steele, of New Hampshire, has selected the 14th day of November next, to be Thanksgiving Day in that State.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

625	shares	Wilmington R. R.	21½a21¾
570	do.	Girard Bank,	11½a11¾
15	do.	Western Bank	47a47½
15	do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	10½
18	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	258
9	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	61
5	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	42
$5000		State 5's, C. & P.	73½
$3000		Reading R. R. Bonds,	66
$300		Penna. 5's, C. & P.	74
$1476		25 Penna. 5's, C. & P.	74
$3000		Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	83½
$1500		County 5's, 1850,	101½

DIVIDENDS.

The Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine have declared a dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum for the last half year.

The Farmers' Bank of Wilmington have declared a dividend at the rate of five per cent. per annum for the same time.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad and Delaware and Raritan Canal and Transportation Company have declared a dividend of four per cent. out of the profits of the last six months, payable after the 18th inst.

The Mechanics' and Traders' Bank of New Orleans has declared a dividend of three per cent., or one and a half dollars per share, which will be paid to the stockholders on the New York books, at the Manhattan Co., on the first Monday in August next.

The Exchange Bank of Hartford has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months, payable on demand.

The Planters' and Mechanics' Bank of South Carolina has declared a semi-annual dividend of 75 cts per share, or 1½ per cent. per annum.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Counterfeit 3's, 5's and 10's of the Plainfield Bank, N. J., miserably done, are in circulation. No three dollar bills on this bank are genuine.

100 dollar notes on the "Union Bank," of New York, altered from one dollar notes. The genuine hundreds have the letter "C" at each corner of the left hand margin; the altered notes have "100" on the same corners. The altered notes have the letter "C" each side of the vignette.

Freemen's Bank of Bristol, R. I.—5's, 10's and 20's. They are so well done that some of our principal brokers have bought them in large quantities. By examining them at the engraver's through a magnifying glass, the defects and alterations became visible, and they proved to be altered notes from the "Citizens' Bank of Augusta," Me. We know of but one way to guard the public against these counterfeits, and that is, to refuse all notes on the "Freemen's Bank," unless guarantied by the passer.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

The past has been a very dull week for all kinds of business, owing to the excitement here, and the prices quoted are scarcely more than nominal.

Ashes—Western pots are dull at $4. *Bark*—Quercitron is held at $23,50 per ton for 1st quality No. 1, Spanish oak, in the rough, $9a10 per cord, chesnut oak $7,50. *Beeswax*—Good yellow 29a30 cts per lb. *Bread Stuffs*—Crackers 4½a5 cts, navy 3a3½ cts per lb. *Coffee*—Light sales at former figures. *Coal*—Hollidaysburg bituminous coal 16 cents per bushel by the cargo, red and white ash, unbroken, $3,12½a3,25, broken and screened 25 cts extra. *Candles*—New Bedford spermaceti 30a31 cts per lb, dipped tallow 8½a9c, mould do. 9½a10 cents. *Cotton*—The market very quiet, and sales confined to a few small parcels taken by spinners at steady prices, within the range of 7½a8½ cts for Uplands and Mobile. *Flour and Meal*—Since our last weekly report, the demand has been quite limited, especially for old stock, and prices remain about stationary—we notice sales for shipment of several lots of fair and good brands old stock at $4a4,12½, subject to re-inspection—$4,25 for fresh ground—for city consumption sales are made within the range of $4a4,50, and some taken by bakers at $3,87½a3,94. Rye flour has declined a shade—sales at $2,87½a2,81¼. Corn Meal—A small sale of Pa. at $2,25, most holders are asking this price—a sale, however, is reported at $2,18¾. Grain—A few parcels of new southern wheat have reached the market, and sold at 87½a90c—we hear of no sales of Pa. Rye—Nothing doing. Corn is more inquired for, and three or four cargoes good southern yellow sold at 43c, white 41a42c, two cargoes Pa. flat yellow 43a44c. Oats are dull of sale—a cargo of Pa. brought 27c, and some good Delaware 25c. *Fish*—Mackerel No. 1 is held at $10a10,22 per bbl, No. 3 $5,62½a5,75. *Feathers*—Western 29a31 cts per pound. *Ginseng*—30 cts per lb cash. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy $5a90 cts per cwt, mixed 75a10 cents, rye straw $4,50a5 per 100 bundles, wheat do. $4a4,50. *Hops*—Massachusetts No. 1 8a8½ cts per lb. *Lead*—No sales. *Molasses*—But little doing—we note sales of Porto Rico at about 30c 4 mos. *Oil*—Winter sperm oil continues firm and in demand at 95 cts a$1 per gallon, bleached and unbleached elephant, best quality, 70a75 cts—whale oil 41a43 cts, do. winter 50a55, straits oil $18 per bbl of 31 gallons, bank oil $16,50, western lard oil 60a65 cents per gallon, linseed 76a77 cts. *Plaster*—More arriving, sales at $2,50a2,37½. *Provisions*—Mess pork is held at $8,75a8,50 per barrel, prime $6,75a7, hams 3½a4½ per lb for inferior, do. good 6 a7, lard 5½a6½, cheese 5a6½, butter 7½a10, as in quality, in kegs and half kegs. *Rice*—Demand light. Small sales at $3,25 per 100 lbs. *Rags*—Country mixed $2,50a3,50 per 100 lbs. *Salt*—Last cargo sale of Turks' Island 30 cts per bushel. *Soap*—Brown and yellow 3½a5 cts per lb. *Sugar*—Transactions extremely limited. We notice a sale of 134 boxes Matanzas at 6½ cts, 37 boxes Trinidad white at 8½a9½. *Teas*—Demand light at former figures. *Tallow*—Domestic 6½a7 cents per lb. *Wool*—Manufacturers purchase sparingly at former quotations. *Wood*—On the wharves fronting the city—Hickory $4,50 a5 per cord, seasoned oak $4a4,50, of which there is a full supply. Winter cut oak is scarce, and in demand at $3½ a4. Pine $3a4.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Upwards of 1000 head of cattle arrived from various places—Sales were made at 4½a5. Extra 5½a5¾. Cows and Calves—300 in market—sales at $18 to 22, extra 28 to 33, springers $14 to 18. Calves $1,25 to 2,50. Hogs—517 in market—sales made at 4½a4¼. Sheep and Lambs—1700 offered—sales ranging from $1,37 to 3,25.

New York.—At market, 750 head beef cattle, 225 northern, 120 cows and calves, and 1700 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Owing to the reduced number at market were quicker, and an advance of full 25 cts per cwt obtained—we now quote $4,25a5,75 as the range for retailing qualities, and extra at $6,25a6,50. Cows and Calves—100 were sold at $14 to 26. Sheep and Lambs are a little dearer—we quote $1,75a4,25 for sheep, and $1,50a3,00 for lambs—all sold. Hay—Old 64a75c, and new 56c per cwt.

Baltimore, July 12.—The sales of beef cattle for the week ending to-day, were 985 head, all taken by the butchers, the prices ranging from $1,75 to $2,50 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3,50a5 nett. 35 head laid over. Hogs—Live hogs, of which there is a full supply, are worth from $3,75 to 4 per 100 lbs nett.

Richmond, July 12.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,12½ to 2,37, nett $4,50 to 5. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 7, according to quality. Lambs from $1 to 1,75.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have most deservedly taken the lead of all similar remedies. The experience of thousands attests to their excellent effects. After using them a short time, the hitherto wretched invalid finds all the disagreeable and unhealthy humors expelled from his system, his digestive organs perform their proper functions, his blood regains its purity, the oppressive sense of weariness and pain departs, and his body becomes endowed with its wonted energy and strength, while the mind rapidly resumes its original vigor.

Reader, such a medicine is Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health. They not only cleanse the blood and other fluids from all impurity, but they impart a strength and vigor to the constitution which give new life to the whole frame. The only care requisite is to be sure and get the genuine.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

☞ COMPLAIN NO MORE OF ACHING TEETH.—When there is a remedy for such torments, without having the teeth pulled; those who know of its existence should cease to complain, if they will not use it. The Clove Anodyne Tooth Ache Drops have in every instance after application, removed immediately the raging pain of the toothache, without in the least injuring the teeth. This is the great desideratum in all cases where articles for curing the toothache are used. In this remedy there is no professing what it will not accomplish.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

ALMANAC.

July, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
20 SATURDAY,	4 47	7 13	5 48	
21 SUNDAY,	4 48	7 12	6 37	D. H. M.
22 MONDAY,	4 48	7 12	7 28	
23 TUESDAY,	4 49	7 11	8 23	
24 WEDNESDAY,	4 50	7 10	9 22	Last 7 5 43
25 THURSDAY,	4 51	7 9	10 23	New 15 9 16
26 FRIDAY,	4 52	7 8	11 24	First 22 4 5
27 SATURDAY,	4 52	7 8	12 22	Full 29 9 26

Married,

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Buckley, GEORGE WOOD, Esq., of Conn., to Miss ANNA CUMMINGS, niece of John Cummings, Esq., of New Jersey, formerly of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jones, Professor F. A. BREGY, of this city, to PHEBE C. VANCLEVE, daughter of the late Joshua S. Anderson, of Trenton, N. J.

On the 10th instant, at Lancaster, by the Rev. J. Barr, ROBERT A. PRINGLE, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. to CLARA M. daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Ashmead, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. at Lancaster, by the same, GEORGE R. MCLANE, M.D. of Wilmington, Del. to MARY, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Ashmead, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. in St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, ROBERT L. MARTIN, to ADELAIDE WEST, daughter of Samuel Nevins, all of this city.

At Lewes, Del. on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Walter E. Franklin, JAMES MONTGOMERY, Jr. of N. York, to Miss ELIZA LUCAS.

On the 14th instant, at the Cathedral, by the Rev. Mr. Gartland, Miss ELLEN A. GRANT, to Mr. JAMES MCAVOY, of Kensington.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Loughridge, JOHN A. INGLEE, to Miss SARAH CLARK, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. WM. MORRIS, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH B. WILSTACH, of the county of Philadelphia.

By the same, on the 6th inst. Mr. AARON PAUL, to Miss ELIZABETH BETSEDY, both of Philadelphia county.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 30th ultimo, Mr. MARTIN CRAMP, to Miss MARY NEVELING.

On the 23d ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, EDWIN A. HOPKINS, Esq. to ANNA W. H. HERMAN, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. L. Scott, JOSIAH W. CLARKE, to Miss HANNAH HUGG, all of this city.

Died,

On the 16th inst. ANN C., daughter of Alfred and Isabella Tatem, aged 1 month.

On the 16th inst. WM. MILTON, infant son of Thomas and Susanna Byrne, aged 17 months and 6 days.

On the 15th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Anthony and Elizabeth Williams, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 14th inst. MARY DE YOUNG, aged 18 months.

On the 14th inst. Mr. CHARLES ANDREWS, a native of England.

On the 13th inst. HENRY A. MUHLENBERG, infant son of Henry and Mary J. Ovenshire.

On the 14th inst. SUSAN ELIZABETH, infant daughter of Joseph and Ann Brooke, aged 2 weeks and 5 days.

At Baltimore, on the 12th inst. ROSE ANN, youngest daughter of Thos. and Ann J. Boyce, aged 1 year and 16 days.

On the 16th inst. MARY ELIZABETH, infant daughter of Caleb and Mary A. Jones.

On the 16th inst. SARAH S. W. MEREDITH, wife of Edwin Meredith, and daughter of Caleb P. Wayne.

On the 16th inst. of consumption, MARIA MATILDA, wife of James Meignelle.

On the 15th inst. ADA, infant daughter of James and Maria Meignelle, aged 6 weeks.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of John Mercer, of Philadelphia Cemetery.

On the 16th inst. JULIAN BRENAN, son of John J. Brenan, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. after a lingering disease, Mrs. LAVINIA SANDERS, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. JOSEPH ATKINSON, aged 38 years.

On the 13th instant, after a protracted illness, WM. B. BENNETT, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. after a lingering illness, WM. NIPPES, Sr. in the 59th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. of convulsions, HENRY, son of Jacob and Mary A. Bartholomew, aged 3 years, 10 months and 20 days.

On the 15th instant, CHARLES F. F. KIMBALL, aged 10 months.

On the 14th inst. BRAINERD, son of Thos. Elmes, aged 20 years.

On the 15th inst. ISAAC WAINWRIGHT, aged 83 years.

In New York, on the 14th inst. in the 16th year of his age, of disease of the heart, LENOX MILLS, eldest son of Mr. Otis Mills, of Charleston, S. C.

On the 17th inst. ELIJAH SHARP.

On the 13th inst. JOSEPH MUSGRAVE, only son of Jos. S. and Ann E. Bell, aged 11 months and 16 days.

On the 14th inst. WM. THOMPSON, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 13th inst. of a severe injury received from his horse, Mr. WM. FARRELL, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 14th instant, EDWARD C. COOK, aged about 12 years.

Suddenly, on the 14th inst. Mrs. ANN STEEN, in the 39th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. JOSEPH H. A. youngest son of Jacob M. and Mary A. Clark, aged 22 months.

On the 13th inst. after a painful illness, HARRY, only son of Caroline and Wm. E. Burton, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 12th instant, Mr. SARGEANT DAVIS, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Mr. PETER ANGORA, aged 64 years.

In Bowling Green, Kentucky, on the 1st inst. THOS. F. SCHUMO, dentist, about 24 years of age.

In Chelsea, on the 11th inst. RUFUS H. son of Rufus H. Cook, aged 5 years.

On the 13th inst. Mr. JACOB ECSTINE, in the 81st year of his age.

At her residence, in Dover, Del. on the 6th inst. Mrs. ARCADIA LOFLAND, widow of the late Purnel Lofland, Esq. of Milford, Del. in her 66th year.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst. JOHN NEWMAN, in the 64th year of his age.

At Rappahannock county, Va. on the 8th inst. JANE D. MINSTER, aged 21 years, formerly of Philada. and daughter of the late Wm. Minster, of Chester county, Pa.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 10th to the 16th July.

July 10, received from

W. Briscoe	$1 00	S. Stapp	4 00
Capt. W. R. George	1 00	W. McMurtry	2 00
C. Morse	2 00	J. Sheets	2 00
T. Scott	2 00	J. Moore	10 00
J. D. Lewis	5 00	E. Connellee	4 00
R. C. Page	4 00	G. Hoffstiller	2 00
A. H. Wilson	2 00	L. S. Russell	2 00
W. R. Durney	7 00	J. Davis	2 00
J. T. Lomax	3 00	M. Garrish	1 00
J. W. Stuart	2 00	J. Ingham	2 00
July 11.			
T. Catton	2 00	W. Dunn, Jr.	5 00
S. D. Briggs	2 00	M. C. Town	2 00
H. C. Snyder	2 00	J. Zeigler	1 25
A. J. Dawson	6 00	J. Pancoast	2 00
R. W. Austin	7 00	L. Y. Monroe	75
J. Y. Smith	2 00	W. McGuigan	2 00
D. W. Brannan	4 00	T. M. Carver	4 00
G. Pike	2 00	W. H. Munson	2 00
L. Picking	5 00		
July 12.			
A. Oyster	2 00	A. H. Darling	10 00
A. Rankin	2 00	W. H. Green	2 00
Dr. J. Merritt	2 00	R. Snow	6 00
G. Sturtevant	2 00	H. S. Lewis	5 00
Rev. M. Brown	2 00	W. E. Conkling	2 00
J. C. Judd	7 50	C. Kinsey	2 00
J. Moyer	9 00	N. Manship	2 00
G. Gransback	1 00	E. Toole	2 00
C. E. Kennedy	2 00	W. McMillan	2 00
W. A. Ashby	4 00	W. Steinmetz	2 00
C. T. Furman	2 00	T. W. Freed	2 00
July 13.			
W. Dothard	1 00	J. E. Forman	2 00
J. Lawson	2 00	J. C. Scott	1 50
C. P. Morton	4 00	E. L. Whithurst	1 50
H. C. Lockwood	4 00	W. H. Weld, agt.	25 00
R. C. Ranous	2 00	A. Adams	2 00
F. A. Fenn	5 00	T. Wilson	1 00
G. Brewer	2 00	J. M. Campton	2 25
W. Eldes	2 00	E. Dunwoody	1 00
E. White	3 00	D. Crusty	1 50
Gen. F. Dupuy	2 00	N. Montgomery	1 00
B. G. Sailor	13 00		
July 15.			
S. Tatem	1 50	Miss J. Doubleday	2 00
N. G. Framer	1 00	A. K. Claypole	4 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	50 00	F. Deacon	2 00
R. N. Gillespie	3 00	W. Hays	2 00
J. D. Wright	11 00	H. C. Freeman	6 00
S. F. Seely	2 00	W. R. Day	2 00
J. Davis	5 00	A. H. Walton	5 00
J. W. Figures	5 00	S. Prentice	2 00
Capt. J. Stuart	7 00		
July 16.			
E. McKinley	2 00	J. H. Long	2 00
R. W. Hallam	4 00	L. Magruder	2 00
J. D. Ashby	6 00	J. J. Tarlton	1 00
C. W. Thomas	2 00	J. B. Leckey	1 25
A. L. Dunton	7 00	J. W. Hearsck	2 00
B. H. Brown	2 00	D. Mitchell, Jr.	2 00
W. Smith	2 00	Mrs. P. Conover	2 00
R. W. Carson	2 00	J. W. Lewis	2 00
A. Allan	5 00	H. C. Avery	2 00

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 13, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 6th to the 13th of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	2	0	Brought over,	21	63
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Nervous,	0	1
Burns,	0	1	——Remittent,	1	0
Cancer of Uterus,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	1
Casualties,	0	1	Gangrene,	0	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	0	Gun Shot Wounds,	5	2
Cholera Infantum,	0	22	Hæmorrhage from Uterus,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	3
Convulsions,	0	6	——Bronchi,	0	2
Diarrhœa,	0	5	——Lungs,	0	1
Dropsy, Head,	0	5	——Stomach and Bowels,	3	2
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Jaundice,	0	1
——Heart,	2	1	Malformation,	0	3
——Skin,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	7
——Stomach,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
Drowned,	1	2	Rupture of Uterus,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	2	Scrofula,	1	0
Debility,	1	5	Still Born,	0	7
Epilepsy,	1	0	Suicide,	2	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	4	Teething,	0	1
Fever,	0	2	Unknown,	0	3
——Cerebral,	0	1	Whooping Cough,	0	2
——Intermittent,	0	1			
			Total,	138—37	101
Carried over,	21	63			

Of the above there were [illegible] from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 17 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 7,	74	80	84
8,	70	77	81
9,	75	82	83
10,	78	75	84
11,	78	82	84
12,	75	82	86
13,	79	82	86

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, No. 25 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, July 20th, 1844.*

PENNSYLVANIA.		**MAINE.**	
Philadelphia banks,	par	Calais bank,	10 a —
Man. and Mec. bank,	par	Agricultural bank,	do
Moyamensing bank,	par	City bk, Portland,	do
Penn Township bank,	par	Damariscotta,	do
U. S. Bank notes,	43 dis	Mercantile bank,	do
Girard do.	1 dis	Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Pennsyl'a do.	par	Bangor Com. bank,	do
Germantown,	par	Westbrook bank,	do
Del. Co. at Chester,	par	Citizens' bank,	do
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par	Globe bank,	do
Montgomery county,	par	Washington co.	do
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par	Frankford bank,	do
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis	All solvent banks,	½
Easton,		**VERMONT.**	
Northampton,	no sale	Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Lancaster Co. bk	½ dis	Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis	All solvent banks,	½
Far. bk, Lancaster,	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Lebanon,	½ dis	All solvent banks,	½
Harrisburg,	1 dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Middleton,	1½ dis	All solvent banks,	½
Carlisle,	1½ dis	**MARYLAND.**	
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis	Baltimore banks,	par
Northumberland,	½ dis	Patapsco bank,	par
Miners' bk, Potts	1½ dis	Mineral bank,	1 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis	Fredericktown,	1 dis
Pitts demand notes,	½ dis	Hagerstown,	1 dis
" Certificates,	½ dis	Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
" Post notes,	½ dis	Westminster,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis	Williamsport,	½ dis
York,	1½ dis	Cumberland,	1½ dis
Gettysburg,	1½ dis	Salisbury,	2 dis
Chambersburg,	1½ dis	Franklin bank,	5 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis	Susquehanna,	broke
" Demand notes,	2 dis	Millington,	broke
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis	Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis	Broken bks, various	
Erie,	2 dis	Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
Berks county bank,	80 dis	**DELAWARE.**	
Honesdale,	1½ dis	Bank of Delaware,	par
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis	Wilmington and Bran.	par
Lewistown,	1½ dis	Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale	Union bank,	par
West Branch bank,	1½ dis	Bank of Smyrna,	par
Dom. Cred. Script,	10 dis	Under $5s,	½
Lehigh Nav. Script,	35	**DIS. OF COLUMBIA.**	
NEW YORK.		Washington City,	½ dis
New York City,	½ dis	Georgetown,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—	Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Globe bank,	fraud	Alexandria,	½ dis
North River Bank'g Co.	do.	Bank of Alexandria,	broke
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—	Mechanics' bank,	broke
Wool Growers' bank,	35 dis	Franklin bank,	no sale
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do	Mechanics' bank,	do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	30 do	**VIRGINIA.**	
Com. bk, New York,	3 do	Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Lafayette bank,	2 do	Farmers' bk & brah's,	1 dis
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do	Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Dry Dock bank,	1 do	Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	3 do	Wheeling,	1½ dis
Bank Buffalo,	— do	Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
Lewis Co.	1 do	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Com. bk, Buffalo,	35 do	All solvent banks,	1½
All solvent banks,	½ dis	Small notes,	2
Country banks,	½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broke	All solvent banks,	1½
		Small notes,	2
		GEORGIA.	
		Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Wayne county bank,		Ocmulgee,	—
Mer. and Planters',		Monroe R. R.	—
Del. county bank,	fraud	Columbus,	—
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do	Phenix bank,	failed
Portedam Manf. Co.	do	Exchange bank,	—
Red Backs,	½ dis	Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Post Notes on the various N. York banks	no sales.	Central bk of Mill.	—
NEW JERSEY.		Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par	Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
Princeton bank,	par	All solvent banks,	2a3
State bk at Camden,	par	**ALABAMA.**	
Cumberland bank,	par	All solvent banks,	12 dis
Mount Holly,	par	Small notes,	15 dis
Salem Banking Co.	par	**OHIO.**	
Monmouth bank,	no sale	Cincinnati,	2 dis
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis	Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par	**ILLINOIS.**	
All other banks,	par	Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale	State bank,	35 dis
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke	**KENTUCKY.**	
Washington Bkg. Co.	do	Notes,	1½ dis
Franklin bank,	do	Small notes,	2½ dis
Jersey City bank,	do	**LOUISIANA.**	
Monmouth,	do	All solvent banks,	1½ dis
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do	**MISSOURI.**	
Protec. and Lobard,	do	All solvent banks,	1½ dis
State bank at Trenton	do	**INDIANA.**	
Bank of N. Brunswick	do	All solvent banks,	2 dis
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do	**FLORIDA.**	
Under $5s,	½ dis	Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
Exchange on New York,	¼ dis a ¼ pm	**CANADA.**	
" Boston,	¼ dis	Montreal,	
" Baltimore,	par		
Specie,	1a1½ dis		
Country Relief Notes			

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Four years ago I had a violent attack of bilious fever, which left my general health in a wretched condition, with great weakness at the chest; a slight cough supervened, which gradually increased in violence until all the symptoms of Pulmonary Consumption became fearfully apparent: Such as *copious night sweats, soreness and swelling of the throat, hectic fever, hoarseness and often total loss of voice, a sense of suffocation and dreadful oppression,* so that *for ten months* together, it was necessary every night to prop me up with pillows almost in a sitting posture: *bleeding from the lungs,* and at one time I threw up *a full pint of blood.* Such was my distress, that I had to keep my throat constantly moist with some cooling liquid, and to crown all, I suffered with *violent palpitation of the heart.* Every morning I would cough up with great pain, large quantities of putrid matter. In this condition I rapidly wasted away, and I had not the shadow of a doubt that before this winter was over I should be a corpse.

During my protracted sufferings I used all the popular remedies for Consumption, but none of them even so much as relieved me. I also had the advice, at different periods, of *four good physicians,* who did all they could for me, with no avail. They in turn pronounced me incurable, and said that I might linger a few months, but my disease was *confirmed Consumption,* and beyond the reach of medical skill.

In order, if possible to procure at least an abatement of my sufferings, a friend suggested the use of your *Compound Syrup of Tar,* and brought me a bottle, and I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, at the *immediate and wonderful relief* it afforded me. I took it regular for two months, every symptom gradually disappeared, my lungs healed, my strength returned, and astonishing as it may seem, from *being scarcely able to raise my head from the pillow,* I am now able to *walk miles* without fatigue, and your invaluable medicine has, through the blessings of God, been the means *literally,* of rescuing me from the grave.

Should you think proper to publish this you are at liberty to refer the afflicted to me, that every word of the foregoing may be substantiated by me in person.

MARY HANEY, 48 Spruce st.

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Selected Poetry.

JOURNEYMAN'S SONG.

☞ From Willis's "Diary of Town Trifles," in the last New Mirror, we clip the following Song, in alluding to which he says—"The President Tiler of Hatters keeps a poet," and a pretty ingenious one too. It makes us sorry to see so bright brain-work as this employed upon a puff, but it shows the specific gravity of poetic talent in our community—the altitude at which it will stay suspended—and the lesson is bitterly profitable to young poets. There is many a youth dreaming that immortality is already within his grasp who could not carve out and polish a production like the following. By the way, it is the last of three that have appeared in the Express, describing a *source of poetry* in the Hatter's shop at night, after shutting-up.

1st Jour.—"In mercury the cony's dipp'd,
2d Jour.—Thrice the musquash has been clipp'd.
3d Jour.—Foreman cries—'tis time, 'tis time.

1st Jour.—Fitch's hats are all the ton;
To satisfy his endless run,
Round about the cauldron go,
In the downy substance throw.
Fur from back of fleetest hare
Boil beneath the bubbles there;
Cheeks of old coat beaver slip,
Otter peppered in the eye,
Spitting lama throw among,
Nutria of elastic tongue.
All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2d Jour.—Eyeless mole that under ground,
With his plough-snout worms around;
Breast of crying Shetland seal,
For Yankee's club too slow of heel;
Kanin wild from Friesland shore,
Muskrat caught in "figure four."
Cast them in the seething pot,
Boil them in the gruel hot.
All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble;
Work them now with pins of wood,
Then the felts are firm and good;
Buff them o'er with gum shellac,
That they be stiff, and never crack.

3d Jour.—For a dye-stuff strong and dark,
Extract take of logwood bark,
A sprinkling of the rust of brass,
With green sulphureous copperas;
Add to these materials some
Topaz clear Arabic gum.
Round about the cauldron go,
In, the strong ingredients throw;
Stir it with a crooked stick,
Sometime slow and sometimes quick;
For a dye of powerful trouble,
Make the hat-broth boil and bubble.
All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Upon a wheel suspend each hat,
And turn it slowly in the vat.
To form and shape the felted fare
Send them to the finishers."

Counter chorus.—Then hop, hop, hop,
All meet at the hatter's shop;
Once with possums, minks and coons,
We daily danced our rigadoons;
Tho' stripp'd and clipp'd and color'd jet,
Still can we turn out [illegible].
Beaver.—Tell us, Nutria, what occurs
To hats when at the finishers,
Tell us of the trimming there,
Which is done by maidens fair.
Nutria.—Pst! By the itching of my gums,
Something *Fishy* this way comes;
Let appear whatever's near.
(*Whistle, flip flap, and exit.*

Selected Articles.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life, and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family; that, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband,—for the husband of an orphan,—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world,—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her;—a professed rake, too, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned, I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! no! I positively cannot think of it."

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me—Can I not see him, and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, You had better return home. Still I lingered; till, one evening, towards the close of a long tete-a-tete conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement." His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing." "But why? Can seeing her again and again," he turned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments,—or any estates induce me to place at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas bleu, in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed!" "Yes, from her cradle. But you color. Do you know her?" "Intimately. She's my most particular friend." "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?" "Offended! offended! offended! Oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." "The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My one was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and haws innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No! no!" said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy—"No! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would *ever* connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl!" Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—*Othello.*

I have read somewhere of a traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence to a wig!

He was specimen hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist) somewhere in the back-woods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him —not a panther or catamount—but with terrible whoop and yell a wild Indian—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; the left, the frizzle top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk's grasp!

W—— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed him with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Capt. Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houhyhums.

From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable grey-beard; he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honors. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams, his body daubed with their body colors of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind among the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawk sought for him, he was on his way, with his life-preserver, toward a British settlement.

"THINNING THE HAIR."

BY A BARBER'S APPRENTICE.

I had cut two descriptions of hair in my time: but Mr. M'Boot's was neither of these. In the smooth, straight lock, I succeeded pretty well; for I could cut an inch or so off all round, and tell by my eye when all was even. And in the close crop of the charity-school, I was at home to facility; for it was only running the comb along, close to the scalp, and against the grain, and cutting off everything that appeared above it. But the stranger's hair was neither in the lanky, nor the close-hogged mood. It was of a bright red color—stiff as wire—of an inveterate tight round curl—and bushy to frightfulness, from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it uncombed, on a three months' journey through Wales; and waited till he reached Birmingham, that he might have it cut in the fashion.

"Cut my hair, I say, you devil's baby," repeated this knight of the appalling chevelure, imbibing a huge draught from a tumbler of brandy and water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing "The Lads of Shillelagh," a measure which my entrance had for the moment interrupted. I obeyed, but with a trembling hand; the very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here, and a bit there, taking very little off at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up at the moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance, of regularity.

"Thin the rest," blasphemed the sufferer, "and so leave it, for I'll not wait." This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. Thinning was a process entirely past my skill; but a fresh execration, interrupting "The Lads of Shillelagh," left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of "thinning" performed, although I did not at all comprehend it; I knew that the scissors were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—all the way, so I dashed on—snip—snip—through the close round curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb to collect the proceeds of the operation, three-fourths of the man's hair came off at once in my hand!

What followed I have never exactly been clear to. Mr. M'Boot, I think, felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of his head-gear; at all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned to rise. I made a rush to the door, muttering something about "heating irons;" but, as I turned round, I saw discovery in his eye. I see him even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing, paralyzed, beside the chair upon which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as doubting if the right had not misinformed him; but, at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of my escape. I made but one step to each flight of stairs; clung to the basket of a London coach which happened to be starting at the moment, and, in five minutes, with the "thinning scissors" still hanging to by fingers, lost sight of Birmingham—perhaps forever.

"My native land, good night!"

M. LAFITTE.

M. Lafitte, the great Parisian banker, who recently died possessed of immense wealth, rose to fortune from an humble station in life. A foreign journal by a late arrival contains the following story of his first appearance in Paris:

When M. Lafitte came to Paris, in 1778, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking-house, and to attain this object he called on M. Perregaux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Madle. Guimard, which had been put up to lottery by that lady, and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Lafitte paid his first visit in Paris, and, as it were, took his first step in the Parisian world. The young provincial—poor and modest, timid and anxious—entered by that gateway which had witnessed so many of the gaieties of the last century. He was introduced into the boudoir of the danseuse, then become the cabinet of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit.

"It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment, at least for the present," replied the banker; "all my offices have their full complement. If I require any one at a future time, I will see what can be done; but in the meantime I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect to have a vacancy for some time."

With a disappointed heart the young aspirant for employment left the office, and while with a downcast look he traversed the court-yard he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lappel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate, but so it was.

From the window of his cabinet M. Perregaux had observed the action of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers of human actions who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action he saw the revelation of a character; it was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of all the qualities which should be possessed by a good financier. A young man who would pick up a pin could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and obtain a high degree of prosperity.

In the evening of the same day, M. Lafitte received the following note from M. Perregaux:

"A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow morning."

The anticipations of the banker were not deceived. The young Lafitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From simple clerk he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris, and afterward in rapid succession, a deputy and president of the Council of Ministers, the highest office to which a citizen can aspire.

On what a trifle does the fortune of a man sometimes depend. But for the simple incident of the pin, M. Lafitte would, perhaps, never have entered into the house of M. Perregaux; another employer might not have opened to him so wide a field of action, and his talents and intelligence would not have led to such magnificent results.

Little did M. Perregaux think that the hand which would pick up a pin was that of a man, generous to prodigality in doing good—a hand always open to succor honorable misfortune. Never were riches placed in better hands—never did banker or prince make a more noble use of them.

Adam Smith—Absence of Mind.—Smith's absence of mind, so remarkable as to appear hardly consistent with sanity, is not yet forgotten in the literary circles of Scotland, though we know but one person now alive who enjoyed his acquaintance. We must give one remarkable instance of it. Adam Smith was a commissioner of the Board of Customs. To this board was attached a porter, in a scarlet gown, with a staff of office. When a commissioner entered, the custom was for the porter to salute with his staff, and then precede him to the board-room. This had been repeated before Smith for years in the usual manner; but one day he came to the board apparently only in the body, his mind being left in some deep theory in his study at home. As he entered, the porter drew up and shouldered his staff; Smith, earnestly watching him, immediately did the same with his cane, holding it with both hands, as a soldier does his musket. The astonished porter then lowered his ensign of command; Smith did the same. He then stepped back to let the commissioner pass; Smith also retreated. The officer then moved up stairs with his staff advanced at length; Smith marched behind him, holding his cane in the same position, intently anxious in watching where the porter placed his feet on the stairs, and himself choosing the same spot for his. When they arrived at the door of the room, the porter saluted the philosopher with his staff, bowed very obsequiously, and retired; all which motions Smith imitated with the utmost seriousness and attention. It was only when a friend spoke to him, that the enchantment was broken up, and the sage restored to his senses.

JENNY'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

[This piece, full of nature and truth, is a contribution by Mr Alexander Maclaggan, author of "Tales and Poems," to a provincial annual, entitled the *Ayrshire Wreath*, of which a second volume has just appeared.]

Come here, sweet cousin Alice,
Come, sit ye doun by me;
For I hae a simple story
O' love to tell to thee.
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'
A foolish, moonshine matter;
But, hech, sirs! how I started when
I got my first love-letter!

'Twas on a lovely morn
A morn in rosy June,
The flowers were in their richest dress,
The birds in sweetest tune;
The after-grace had just been said
O'er our sweet morning meal,
Sae doun I sat, and blithely sang
Beside my birring wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!
There cam a gentle tap;
And syne a roar o' laughter loud,
And then a louder rap;
And then, as wi' a blast o' wind,
The lattice open flew,
And there the witty wild post-boy
Stood laughing in our view.

"Gude morrow," quo' our auld gudeman,
"Gude morrow to your glee;
How are ye? hae ye ony news
Within your belt for me?"
"No! nane for you the day, my friend;
But may I daur to speer
Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,
Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?

For I hae a wee bit billet for
The bonny feathered doo;
And as she seems sae sweet to rue,
I e'en maun gie 't to you."
Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,
He hoped that I was weel;
That, for a maid, the safest place
Was at her spinning-wheel.

"For Jenny!" quo' my father
Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then
His awfu' voice, and collie's bark,
Soon brought my mither ben.
She pu'd her silken purse, to pay
The post, that he micht gang;
But the mischief-loving deevil still
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,
And shook his curly head,
And, laughing, cried, "I ken right weel,
At sight, a lover's screed.
Their seals are a' 'Forget-me-nots,'
Or 'Heart's ease for Love's pain,'
Or a pair o' sheers, the motto,
'We part to meet again.'

"I think I guess the writer too;
'Tis like our young squire's hand;
And he's nae gaun to be a saunt,
As far's I understand.
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep
Upon your sonny pet."
Then aff he flew, and like a hound
He lap the garden yett.

Oh! had ye seen us, Ailie, dear,
'Twas gloom and silence a',
Had ane but drapt the wee-est prin,
Ye micht hae heard it fa'.
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e
Towards my gentle mither;
But the twa puir folk like statues stood,
Mute, gazing on ilk ither.

At length my father turned, and lo!
The wrinkles o' his brow
Were marble pale, but soon as black
As thunder-clouds they grew;
Whilst from his dark and stern e'e,
The fire that flashed and flew,
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like ane who struggles wi'
A dream o' agony—
A torturing dream o' drowning in
A tempest-troubled sea.
And then I wept and trembled,
As doth the new caught hare,
When it battles with a lingering death
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew and flung my arms
Around my father's neck—
And then I clung like ane who clings
For life frae sinking wreck.
And when my burning temples fell
Upon his honest breast,
I shut my een for shame, and then
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried
Nae vile, nae wicked art,
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal
One virtue from my heart.
That honor, truth, and constancy,
Had fanned our mutual flame,
That he might break the seal, and see
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,
She scarce could stand or speak,
But the sweet tears o' forgi'en love
Fell het upon her cheek.
At length she said, "My dear gudeman,
Ye maun forgi'e our bairn,
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen
Has muckle wit to learn.

"Ha'e ye forgot when you and I
Forgathered, fond and young;
When we fand the wicked world wore
A sting beneath its tongue?
As for the letter, ye may mind
Ye sent me sic anither,
And near-hand gat a crackit croon
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither."

And when I ventured to look up,
I saw that frae his face
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom
Had fled, and left nae trace.
That frae the landscape o' his soul
The clouds had passed away;
And I felt like ane wha's sudden cast
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dicht
My sorrow-laden een;
Then took my hands in his, and said,
"I still will be your frien'.
That ye should hide your love frae me
Made me right wroth, I trow;
But I find ye are virtuous, and
The passion's a' [illegible].

Sae, if ye like, ye e'en may send
An answer to the chiel,
And tell him to come wast the night;
I ken his auld folks weel,
And gin ye be like other maids,
Ye'll like, nae doubt, far better
To see the honest lad himsel,
Than get anither letter."

I ope'd the gilt-edged sheet and read,
And though it wasna lang,
'Twas gude the little that was o't,
And ended wi' a sang;
A sweet, sweet-worded sang, a' fu'
O' dear heart-witling turns;
'Twas written by our ain loved bard—
Our dear immortal Burns!

Now, my sweet cousin Alice,
Ye've aye been dear to me,
My bridal day is drawing nigh,
And bride's-maid ye maun be.
'Tis settled a'—neist Sunday week
Mass John wons up the matter;
But, hech, sirs! how I started when
I got my first love-letter!

The first words printed in the language of the Sandwich Islanders were, "Go, sin no more;" and the second sentence was, "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." There are now several converted heathens in good standing in the church, who ascribe their first impressions of Christian truth to these simple words. Savages appreciate what we abuse.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE.

A physician met me:—"Would you like to see a curious picture of life?" said he. "Of course, how far off?" "Within the sound of a trumpet."

We turned out of Broadway, and in a few moments were at the foot of a rude and dirty stair-case leading to a kind of temporary loft. The doctor opened a door and we entered a dingy room, just long enough for a man to lay his length in the longest way. A cobbler's bench without tools, a few scraps of old leather, and a man lying on some straw in a corner, with a ragged quilt over him, were all the contents of the room. Yes, one thing more—a cent laid carefully on the window-sill.

"Have you taken the medicine?" asked the doctor. "No, sir!" "Why not?" "It's of no use sir." "How, of no use?" "Why I don't want it. I'm sick of life, doctor. I didn't send for you."

Here the sick man turned his back to us with a groan of pain at the effort, and drew the dirty coverlet over his head. The doctor leaned over and got hold of his pulse.

"Don't trouble me doctor," said he. "I hope I shall *pop off* before night. There's no room for me in the world."

The doctor said something kind to him, and he went on, speaking brokenly and with great difficulty.

"I couldn't go to the almshouse, for I hear it's full. I can't get no work, if I was ever so well—people don't have their shoes mended now, I believe. I have no pleasure in life at the best. There's no comfort for me. I'd rather die and be quiet. I was glad when I got sick."

He persisted in refusing the medicine, and the kind physician who had been called in by one of the neighbors, gave some direction to a poor charity woman who lodged in the cellar below, and we left him. In three minutes more we were again in gay Broadway, and the waltz was playing most merrily in the balcony of the Museum, and the fountain was still leaping joyously in the Park. Truly there is here and there a contrast in the world we live in.—*New York Evangelist.*

Our Scrap Book.

Yankee Ingenuity.—The Yankees are proverbial for happy expedients in cases of emergency, an instance of which is pleasantly related by Willis, in one of his letters. He says:—"I was in a crowded church, listening to a fourth of July oration; what with one sort of caloric and what with another, it was very uncomfortable, and a lady near me became faint. To get her out was impossible; there was neither fan nor *sal volatile* within twenty pews. The bustle after a while drew the attention of an uncombed Yankee, in his shirt sleeves, who had stood in the aisle, with his mouth open, gazing at the stage in front of the pulpit, and wondering, perhaps, what particular difference between sacred and profane oratory required this painstaking exhibition of the speaker's legs. Comprehending the state of the case at a single glance, the back-woodsman whipped together the two ends of his riding-switch, pulled his cotton handkerchief tightly over it, and, with this effective fan, soon raised a breeze that restored consciousness to the lady, besides cooling every body in the vicinity. Here is a man, thought I, brought up to have his wits ready for an emergency. *His* education has not been neglected.'"

An Indian's Ingenuity.—A Spaniard having stolen a horse from an Indian, the latter convicted him of the offence by a very ingenious plan. He complained to a judge, who had the Spaniard, with the horse, brought before him. The prisoner swore that he had always had it, so that the judge did not find himself in a position to convict. He was even about to return the horse to him, when the Indian said, "If you will allow me, I will prove that the animal belongs to me." Immediately he pulled off his cloak, and covering the horse's head, asked the Spaniard of which eye it was blind? The robber was much embarrassed at the question, but nevertheless, not to delay the court, he replied at a hazard that it was the right eye. The Indian, uncovering the head, exclaimed, "The horse is not blind either of the right eye or left." The judge immediately decided that the animal was his.

A Lick Back.—The following correspondence, says the Picayune, passed between two persons in New Orleans:

Monday, 12 o'clock, M.

Sir:—Your language was so unbecoming a gentleman this morning, when asking me for the hundred dollars you had loaned me, that unless you *take it back*, I shall demand of you personal satisfaction. My friend —— is authorised to communicate with you on the subject.

Yours, &c. T—— M——.

To J—— C——.

[Reply.]

Monday, 3 o'clock, P. M.

Sir:—In reference to your note of to-day, and the hundred dollars which I loaned you, but to repay which, I never could prevail on you, I am now prepared to *take it all back*, without any coercion on your part, and have signified the same to your friend ——.

I remain, J—— C——.

To T—— M——.

☞ An old divine in New England, asking a blessing upon his meals, was want to name each separate dish. Sitting down one day to a dinner, which consisted partly of clams and bear-steak, he was forced in a measure to forego his usual custom of furnishing a bill of particulars. "Bless to our use," said he, "these treasures hid in the sand; bless this—" but the bear's meat puzzled him, and he concluded with—"Oh Lord, *thou only knowest what it is.*"

☞ A poor married woman was telling a single lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she, in great part, attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself; I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband." "He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is a power better than none."

☞ "John Smith, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-ss spell?" "Well, I knew once, but I'll be hanged if I don't forget now." "Pshaw! what is in your mother's window sash?" "There's so many things that gosh-bust if I can remember 'em all. Let me see. Thar's the hoss blanket in one place, brother Job's white hat in another, sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old breeches in the hole that Zeb and I made yesterday."

☞ Pilcher met with an amusing rebuff a week or two ago, in the southern part of the State. Walking up to a quiet old gentleman in the midst of a crowd, he held out his hand, and remarked, with his most winning smile: "My dear sir, I cannot call your name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere." "Perhaps we have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some d——d bad company in my day."

☞ "Hello, Mr. Snouticle, can you tell me the right road to Mr. Beitzhoosier's mills?" said a traveller, to a Dutchman. "Yaw," said the Dutchman, "I kin dell you peeser als eny poddy. You must shoots make de pitch ofer de riffer, den durn the riffer up stream, unt de fust house you coom do will pe my'n proter Han's parn—it is shingled mit shdraw, unt ven you ax him, he can dell you peeser as me."

☞ An English gentleman, travelling in the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage. "Never," replied the boatman, "my brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him next day."

☞ Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment of the new Judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "may-be-so, my Lord Harry; but I have a confounded strong notion, that moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

☞ "Well Mr. Jackson," said a clergyman to his parishioner, "Sunday must be a blest day to you. You work hard six days, and the other seventh, you come to church." "Yes, sir," said Jackson, "I work hard all the week, and then I comes to church, sets me down, and cocks up my legs, and thinks of nothin!"

☞ "Where you buy dat watermellon, Pomp?" "Gosh, Amity! I didn't buy um, nigger, I raised um on shears." "*How* be dat! you nebber work" "Dat's true as preachment, but yallea Sam steal two and gib me dis not to tell."

☞ A minister out west advertises, in the hope of making young people come forward, that, during the warm weather, he will marry them for a "glass of whiskey, a dozen of eggs, the first kiss of the bride, and a quarter of a pig."

☞ "Mother," said an urchin, one day in May, "how long is it before the 4th of July?" "Six weeks from to-morrow," was the reply. "I'll be hang'd if I'll wait," says Bob, "give me my crackers and I'll fire 'em now."

☞ A lecturer lately observed in the course of his remarks upon some kindred subject, "Only think of it, ladies and gentlemen, an old bachelor! why he's a living libel on his mother and father!"

☞ A great drinker being at the table, they offered him grapes at dessert. "Thank you," said he, pushing back the plate, "I don't take my wine in pills."

☞ Why is a young lady just from a boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

☞ If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation, with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain, we've seen it tried.

☞ A fellow said to a Jew—"Do you know they hang Jews and Jackasses together in England?" "I didn't," replied the Israelite, "but if it be true, it is fortunate that you and I are not there."

☞ "No, Catharine," said Patrick to his wife, "you never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." "You may well say that," replied Kate, "they fly out so fast nobody can catch 'em."

☞ A captain of a ship said to a sailor who fell overboard that morning, "you have had but an indifferent breakfast." "Not so bad," replied the tar, "for I have had a good *duck.*"

☞ Uncle Sam knows a man who says he has fallen in love four times in his life, and much fears that a fifth attack will *carry him off!*

Choice Selections.

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

How is it that before mine eyes,
While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
As in a mirror seen?
What spell within thee hath been shrined,
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times
Can trouble memory's springs;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
Can wake departed things;
Even as a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanished hours;—

Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back the changed are led,
To look in love on thee;
And voices that are music flown
Speak to me in the heart's full tone.

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—
The thoughts of happier years,
And a vain gush of tenderness,
O'erflows in childlike tears;
A passion which I may not stay—
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while—oh! almost strange,
Mine imaged self! it seems
That on *thy* brow of peace—no change
Reflects my own swift dreams;
Almost I marvel not to trace
Those lights and shadows on *thy* face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep,
Affection—Memory—Grief—
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep
O'er a frail aspen leaf!
Oh! that the quiet of thine eye
Might sink them when the storm goes by!

Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone,
Shall seek my form in thee,
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest!

MAD DOGS.

The character of Franklin is too well known, to require any compliments by way of introduction to the following anecdote: When what is now a very decent tolerable sort of a road through New Jersey, from the side next the North River, was little less than a most abominable slough, it was the misfortune of Franklin to be travelling through it with the proprietor of the stage coach. When they had passed about half way over it, they overtook a wretched decrepid old woman—nearly exhausted wading through the water and mud, which were half leg deep. Franklin taking compassion on her miserable appearance, proposed admitting her into the carriage, and paying the fare himself. The proprietor refused—Franklin remonstrated—coaxed—entreated—but all in vain. The rascal was inexorable—he was proprietor and "burn his buttons if he'd be nastied by any body." So the poor old lady was left in the mud.

In the course of their ride and while the cattle were dragging them through the very worst part of the road, the horses sinking breast deep at every step—the wheels nearly buried, and all hands a growling and sweating with vexation, the conversation turned, somehow or other upon mad dogs, hydrophobia, &c. Franklin was looking in the water—the man observed his eyes fixed attentively upon it, and asked the reason. Franklin shook his head. The man repeated the question—Franklin replied by repeating the shake—at the same time asking very abruptly, do you dislike to look at water? "I?" said the man, "I, no—dislike to look at water, no indeed; do you?" Pray, said Franklin, riveting his eyes upon him, and speaking very quick—pray have you ever been bit?—don't think he was mad—poor little fellow—oh no, no—only a puppy—couldn't have been mad—no bigger than—wough! (snapping at the man! who jumped, smack through the side of the coach, up to the chin in the mud.)

Drive on coachee, said Franklin, drive on! The man obeyed, the symptoms of hydrophobia all disappeared from Franklin, and the stage proprietor was left to plough his way home, as the poor woman had been ploughing before him.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked Spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And *Honor* charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
Ah! honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt *Want* and *Scorn* she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
And the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven,
By man is cursed alway.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

In the book of Deuteronomy we have a very animated and beautiful allusion to the eagle, and the method of exciting her eaglets to attempt their first flight; and comparing her proceedings on that occasion, to Jehovah's care of his people and method of instructing them how to attain heavenly objects. "As an eagle stirreth her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so Jehovah alone did lead them."

Sir H. Davy relates his having had an opportunity of witnessing the first flights of the eaglets from their eyrie. The old birds at first made small circles, and the young imitated them; they paused on their wings, and then took a second and longer compass, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradual spiral; the young still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, and they continued this sublime exercise, always rising until they were lost to sight. How powerfully ought this to excite Christian parents to teach children betimes to look towards Heaven and the Son of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither, more and more on the wing of *faith* and love, themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own examples!—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.*

The Sharks and the Kilkenny Cats.—As the ship sailed into the harbor the appearance of a large shark in her wake caused the tongue of the pilot to "break adrift." "A certain friend of mine," said he, "Nakhuda of a craft almost as fast a sailer as my own, which is acknowledged to be the best in these seas, was once upon a time bound from this port to Mocha, with camels on board. When off Jebel Jan, the high table-land betwixt the Bay of Tajura and the Red Sea, one of the beasts dying, was hove overboard. Up came a shark ten times the size of that fellow, and swallowed the carcass, leaving one of the hinder legs protruding from his jaws; and, before he had time to think where he was to find stowage for it, up came a second tremendous monster, and bolted his messmate, camel, leg and all." In return for this anecdote the old man was treated to the two Kilkenny cats in the saw pit, which fought until nothing remained of either but the tail and a bit of the fur. "How could that be?" he retorted, seriously, after turning the business over in his mind. "Now, Captain Bashi, you are a spinning yarns; but, by Allah, the story I have told you is as true as the holy Koran, and, if you don't choose to believe *me*, there are a dozen persons of unblemished veracity, now in Tajura, who are ready to vouch for its correctness."—*Highlands of Æthiopia.*

A good book and a good woman are excellent things to those who know how to justly appreciate their value; but there are many who judge of both only by their covering.

Ignorance.—It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

Coffee Electricity.—Although it is not quite new, it is not generally known that a man may be literally and truly electrified with newly ground coffee. The manner of doing so was exhibited to the writer of this a few days ago at a shop in New Town. A large coffee mill driven by a steam engine, was grinding coffee into a huge barrel. In the barrel stood a copper scoop, directly under the fall of the fresh ground coffee. An iron rod being held within an inch or so of the copper scoop, an instantaneous flash of lightning, or stream of electric fluid, was attracted by the iron. The same result followed when the finger was employed instead of the rod, and a slight shock, like the puncture of a pin, was quite perceptible. By a rude contrivance, a shock was also communicated from the ground coffee to the tail of a cat, when off scampered the bewildered animal in a state of the most earnest astonishment. Altogether the matter is curious, and not beneath the attention of the philosopher. Can there be electricity in flour, oatmeal, or snuff? These are composed to friction as well as coffee; and a test which proves the one to be genuine or the reverse may be useful with regard to the other too.—*Correspondence of the Scotsman.*

The Young Man's Curse.—I saw him first at the social party. He took but a single glass of wine and that at the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed. I saw him next when supposed he was unseen, take a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger. I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure; they considered it only as innocent amusement. I met him next late in the evening, in the street unable to reach home; I assisted him thither; he looked ashamed when we next met. I entreated him to forsake his evil companions and the intoxicating cup; he seemed affected and promised amendment.* It was like the last feeble struggle of the drowning man. I next saw him reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone!—*New York Mirror.*

The Women of Ancient Rome.—It is singular that most of the Roman revolutions should have owed their origin to women. From this cause sprung the abolition of the regal office and decemvirate—from this cause arose the change of the constitution, by which the plebeian became capable of holding the highest offices of the commonwealth. The younger daughter of Fabius Ambustus, married a plebeian, envious of the honors of her eldest sister, the wife of a patrician, stimulated her father to rouse the lower order to a resolute purpose of asserting their equal right with the patricians to all the offices and dignities of the State. After much turbulence and contest, the final issue was the admission of the plebeians, first to the consulate, and afterwards to the censorship, the protectorship, and priesthood—a change beneficial in the main, as consolidating the strength of the republic, and cutting off intestine discord.

The Olio.

WHICH LOVE IS BEST!

"Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better."
Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night."

Which love is best? The love that comes unsought,
Or that we seek? The heart can only tell;
The love that's giv'n exceeds the love that's bought,
By sleepless nights, and bitter sighs, that swell
The bosom e'en to bursting. Let me live
Bound in Love's flow'rs, which tenderly enfetter
The prisoned heart; then I this answer give—
"Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better."

Sad are a lover's vigils when away
From her who heavily his absence chides,
But if she smile upon the long delay,
Into a soothing bliss his grief subsides.
Give me the love that only wins a heart
To treat it kindly, not with galling fetter
To load it; then this answer I impart—
"Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better."

Alarms of Fire in Vienna.—A traveller in Europe gives the following account of the plan adopted in Vienna, to give alarms of fires:

"In Vienna the fire department is very curiously managed. There are watchmen stationed on St. Stephen's tower, night and day, at an elevation of four hundred feet above the city. The watchmen have maps and books at hand, with powerful telescopes. As soon as a fire takes place they examine the spot with their glasses, and are able to distinguish the very house which is burning. They then look at their books and learn whose it is. They write the owner's name, and the place where the fire is, and throw it down a tube to a person stationed below. The information is then made known to all whom it concerns, and no time is lost by the firemen in reaching the place of conflagration."

King George the Third and the Scotch Divine.—His majesty, after the close of the American revolutionary war, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept through his kingdom. A noble Scotch divine, in the presence of the king, inquired, "For what are we to give thanks—that your majesty has lost thirteen of your best provinces?" The king answered, "No!" "Is it, then," the divine added, "that your majesty has lost 100,000 lives of your subjects in the contest?" "No, no!" said the king. "Is it, then, that we have expended a hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnish of your majesty's arms?" "No such thing," said the king, pleasantly. "What then is the object of the thanksgiving?" "Oh, to give thanks that it is no worse."

Hungary.—Prince Maurice, who is in Hungary, had been hunting in the vicinity of his residence. A neighboring nobleman happened to meet one of the Prince's huntsmen on his ground and immediately shot him. The Prince, being informed of the circumstance, hastened, accompanied by a servant, to the nobleman, and remonstrated with him. "A Hungarian nobleman," replied he, "is master of life and death, on his own estate, and you shall immediately have another proof of it." Saying this, the Hungarian shot the Prince's innocent servant. The Prince, excited by this barbarous act, drew out a loaded pistol and shot the nobleman, who died on the spot. The German Prince is still confined in a Hungarian fortress.

Do you Honor your Parents?—I knew a little boy at school, whose father was dead. He was one day writing a copy in his book, "Honor thy father and thy mother." He wrote a few lines, and then laid down his pen and began to weep. He began again, and wrote a few lines more; but his memory was at work, recalling to his mind the happy days he had passed with his dear dead father, and he wept anew. He could not go on, but sobbed aloud. "What is the matter, my boy?" said his teacher. "Oh, Mr. Blake, I cannot write this copy; my father is dead. Please give me another page, and cut this leaf out—I cannot write it." Reader, do you honor your parents?

Hints to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily obtained show of evergreens in winter may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches are taken from healthy and luxurious trees just before the winter sets in, cut as for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles filled in flower baskets, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for a whole season. They require no fresh water.

Vanity.—The vanity of young men in having fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity and too much expensiveness in your apparel; be comely, plain, decent, cleanly—not curious or costly. It is the sign of a weak headpiece to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it or the worse without it.

An Eastern exchange is answerable for the following melting lines:—

TO MISS ——.

Methought my heart a roasting lay
On Cupid's kitchen spit;
Methought he stole thy heart away,
And stuck it next to it.
Methought thy heart began to melt,
And mine to gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one.

An Impudent Rascal.—A fellow broke jail in Maryland, last week. He left behind him a letter expressing his gratitude to the jailor and his wife, for their kind treatment, and regretting that his health would permit him to remain no longer in their agreeable society. He felt himself growing unwell from confinement, and tore himself away from them, confident that the climate of the State did not agree with him.

Beautiful Compliment.—The following is right hard to beat in the way of delicate "soft sawder:"

"The envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove the breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear."

The Climax.—I stood in the deserted halls of my father—I gazed round on the bare walls and down the hollow-sounding corridors—I cried aloud—"The friends of my early youth, where are they? where?"—and echo answered —"Really I don't know!"

When Marc Anthony gave orders for doubling the taxes in Asia, an intimate friend of his told him, he should "first order the land to yield a double harvest."

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME, JULY, 1844.

OUR PLATES, BATTLE-GROUNDS, ETC.

In order to increase still further, if possible, the high reputation "Graham's Magazine" has attained, both in this country and Europe, we have sketched out a plan of our own, in regard to embellishments, which, from its extent and usefulness, must meet with general approbation; and we mention it now, because it may hereafter suit those who are *always behind* to take hints from our suggestions, and simply announcing an *intention*, to claim more than the merit of the *previous performer*.

Graham's Magazine, by the engagement of the highest order of talent in the country, both in literature and the arts, is now universally regarded as the American Magazine, and we purpose, at the close of the present volume, to *show our hand*, and an enlarged enterprise, and we call upon others to strike out something original.

VIEWS IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

In pursuance of our plan to make "Graham" in all respects a NATIONAL WORK, we have engaged the most accomplished artists to prepare for the magazine a series of engravings of *steel plates* in the far West, South and South-West, while our townsman Mr. Croome and others are engaged to supply us with a series of views in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and the East. We have purchased of James Herring, Esq. a series of original engravings, made from original pictures, by Chapman and others, of places noted in Revolutionary History, and also of Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, the beautiful series of Georgia views, prepared some time since from original drawings, for the Messrs. Richards, two noble-hearted young gentlemen of Georgia, whose patriotic enterprise—that of giving in elegant style the most charming views of their native State—was abandoned for want of the proper encouragement in the outset. Those views are the most elegant landscape pictures that have ever been engraved in the United States, and we rejoice at the opportunity afforded us of sending them forth through our ample circulation to more than one hundred thousand readers, in *every part of the Union*. One of them we give in the June number.

INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.

In addition to this, we have in the engravers' hands some fine pictures of *Indian Scenes—War-Dances—Hunting-Parties—Portraits of celebrated Indian Chiefs—Noted Indian Graves—Sports and Pastimes among the Indians, &c., &c.* So that we shall give a strictly American character to Graham's Magazine, and present in the coming volume, *from original American drawings and pictures*, the most glorious scenes of every part of our country.

BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

"The Battle-Grounds of America" is a feature of which we are proud. This we projected *more than two years* ago, and Mr. Peterson and others at that time began, at our instance, to collect letter-press materials for these sketches, as can be proved if necessary by a host of witnesses. We have now *four of these Battle-Grounds ready to publish, and shall give one in the July number.* We already occupy the ground, by the possession of more than a dozen of these sketches, and therefore *defy* any thing more than a *mere show* of competition.

We had a conversation with Col. S. D. Patterson, upon this subject, early last summer, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for valuable suggestions on this matter. We add notes from him and other gentlemen below.*

We have thought proper to meet this question, because a similar effort was made to deprive us of credit, when, in 1841 and '42, the magazine world was taken by storm with our unequalled series of mezzotint plates—a feature adopted by others long after we had occupied the field.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Our Portrait Gallery of American Authors" is a feature which we claim as *our own*, and, though *imitators* may arise, we have secured *all the best writers of the day*, who come appropriately under the denomination of "Our Contributors," and we need not tell our readers that these are nineteen-twentieths of our magazine writers. *We, therefore, bid defiance to any and all competition in magazine illustration.*

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The high tone of the articles in Graham's Magazine has given it the proud position of "*the leading magazine in America.*" With such writers as the following, *secured* as regular contributors, the publisher defies any rivalry: James Fenimore Cooper, Hon. James K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Herbert, James Russel Lowell, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Hon. R. T. Conrad, with a host of other gentlemen of high repute.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mary Clavers, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Peirson, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Rand, Miss Hervey, and others.

MUSIC AND THE FASHIONS.

An arrangement has been made with competent artists for *Original Music* for Graham's Magazine, and also for the earliest styles of fashionable costume, which will regularly appear in this work.

TERMS.

SINGLE COPIES,		$3 PER ANNUM.
CLUBS, 2	"	$5 "
" 5	"	$10 "
" 8	"	$15 "
" 11	"	$20 "

An Original Novel will be sent to each subscriber.

Address, GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS.

Philadelphia, April 29, 1844.

* My Dear Sir—In reply to your inquiry, I can state, with perfect confidence, that, in the summer of 1843, I had a conversation with you on the subject of making engraved views of the "Battle-Grounds of America" a feature in the Magazine, and that I then saw, in your possession, an original sketch of Chew's House, and the battle-field at Germantown. Very truly, &c. S. D. PATTERSON.

Geo. R. Graham, Esq.

Dear Sir—I distinctly remember the occasion on which the publication of "The Battle-fields of America" in your Magazine was projected. It was in my office, more than two years ago, in a conversation betwixt you, several other gentlemen, and myself. About a year afterward, to my knowledge, steps were taken to put the project in execution. Yours, truly,

April 23d, 1844. CHAS. J. PETERSON.

Dear Sir—I distinctly remember, that, more than eighteen months ago, you mentioned to me, in a conversation I had with you, that you were about introducing "The Battle-Grounds" into your Magazine, and that I then expressed a high opinion of the plan.

Philada., April 23, 1844. SAML. TILLER.

HEALTH SECURED BY WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, which has obtained the approbation and recommendations of thousands.

Read the following extracts from certificates and recommendatory letters which have been voluntarily forwarded to the proprietor:

CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. Hannah Middleton, Mount Holly, N. J., writes that she was afflicted with the Inflammatory Rheumatism for nine months, and was attended by three eminent physicians, whose prescriptions failed in relieving her suffering. She was unable to walk, and lost the use of one hand. Dr. Grant, of Philadelphia, was of opinion that she would never recover the use of her hand. Mrs. M. remained in this state until she read Worsdell's Pamphlet, which induced her to try Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills. When she had used the Pills five days, the pain left her, and she gradually recovered the use of her hand. She is now perfectly restored by a persevering use of Worsdell's Pills. Mount Holly, N. J., 1st 3d Mo., 1844.

WORM CASE.

Mr. Tunis Q. Barcroft, 107 Old York Road, Philadelphia, stated that one of his neighbors procured a box of Worsdell's Pills, and administered one dose to her child, which brought away 150 worms. The child was subjected to fits, but since using the Pills, it has enjoyed sound health.

CURE OF BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Mr. Samuel Swope, merchant, Frankford, Penna., was cured in a short time of the Bowel Complaint by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF INFLUENZA.

Mr. James Kigley, 220 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, was cured of the Influenza by Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.

Mrs. Henry Koch, North 7th, Reading, Pa., was afflicted with the Dyspepsia for two years, and was perfectly cured by a steady use of Worsdell's Pills.

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

Mr. George Sawyer, butcher, Walnut street, Harrisburg, Pa., suffered eight months with Rheumatic pains of the most agonizing description. He was cured by Worsdell's Pills when other remedies had failed.

CURE OF SICK HEADACHE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weiler, near Beachtown, Lancaster co., Pa., was cured of Sick Headache and loss of appetite. Mrs. W. states that since they commenced using Worsdell's Pills, as a family medicine, they have not required the services of a physician.

Worsdell's Pills, if taken in time, cure all diseases by Purifying the Blood.

None are genuine except the following fac similes are attached to each box:—Wm. Worsdell, Proprietor; J. Worsdell, Sen; and Geo. Pearson, Manager.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a box, containing fifty Pills.

Doctor WORSDELL respectfully informs the public that he has removed his office from Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pa., to the city of Baltimore, where all letters in future must be addressed.

AGENTS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

G. B. Zieber & Co., Ledger Building, corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Street, are appointed wholesale agents, and retail by the following:

J. M. Fisher, 216 South FIFTH STREET.
T. E. Pryor, Druggist, corner of SEC and POPLAR.
E. Prowattain, cor. of FOURTH and MARKET.
Richards & Osbourne, cor. 13th and MARKET.
J. W. Brown, corner of NINTH and LOCUST.
J. W. Smith, SOUTH, one door above SECOND.
T. Q. Barcroft, 107 OLD YORK ROAD.
Isaac Brooks, corner of ELEVENTH and VINE.
R. C. Harris, cor. of FOURTH and CALLOWHILL.
Walker & Wallace, corner of COATES and FRONT.
M. Woodruff, corner of RACE and FRONT.
J. Blackie, corner of QUEEN and FRONT.
Leidy & Hasberger, corner of POPLAR and FIFTH.
J. Rich, corner of PARISH and SIXTH.
G. W. Stull, POPLAR above TENTH.
W. Goyer, corner of SPRING GARDEN and RIDGE ROAD.
H. B. Pierson, 389 South SECOND.
J. Dunlop, N. W. corner of NINTH and SOUTH.
R. Lamberton, cor. of Schuylkill SEVENTH and MARKET.
T. Reily, CALLOWHILL above BROAD.

KENSINGTON.

T. Burk, corner of FRANKLIN and SECOND.
J. Urwiler, cor. of THOMPSON and FOURTH.
E. T. Tyson, cor. of 6th and GERMANTOWN ROAD.
J. Mullin, corner of MASTER and N. SECOND.
A. Moffin, BEACH STREET.
J. W. Armstrong, corner of QUEEN and WOOD.
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WILMINGTON, DEL.—R. Chadwick. aug 19-eowly

STAMMERING CURED, AND ELOCUTION taught by Dr. A. COMSTOCK, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's System of Elocution is sold in the United States by booksellers generally; in London, by Wiley & Putnam. ap 27-1y*

PARENTS, MOTHERS PARTICULARLY are informed that JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, never fails to cure SUMMER COMPLAINT, Cholic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, &c., and all other affections of the Stomach and Bowels.

Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne: Dear Sir—My little son when about two months old, was seized with a *bowel complaint*. It continued for about two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint; and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked, and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure.

The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a teaspoonful of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of your medicines, and why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, Arthur B. Bradford,
Pastor of the Presb. Church, Darlington, Pa.

Dr. Jayne: Dear Sir—Having used in my family, for eight years, your Carminative Balsam, I deem it due to yourself and the public to state that I have uniformly found it efficient in relieving and removing the complaints for which it is intended. I am strongly opposed to all quackery, but touching the above medicine, "I have testified that which *I do know*," and that which *I have experienced*. Respectfully yours, John C. Harrison,
Pastor of Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J.
June 1, 1839.

The names of hundreds of others equally respectable can be given, and all pronounce it the most valuable medicine in the world for the cure of Bowel Complaint.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
George W. Eaton,
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

Jas. O. Rogers, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 172 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1841.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm, I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. june 17-1y

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. Jayne, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by John Knox, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20, 1841.

Mr. A. Jaynes:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short; it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leaching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her expectorate, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said, "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her, and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to stove her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked, her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and Vermifuge. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her sit over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a tea spoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected, and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her expectorate.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, june 17-1y
JOHN KNOX, Printer, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.